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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Correspondence of Henry Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, and of his Brother, Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester; with the Diary of Lord Clarendon, from 1687 to 1690: containing minute Particulars of the Events attending the Revolution, &c. &c. Edited from the Original MSS., with Notes, by S. W. Singer, F.S.A. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1827. H. Colburn.

This sterling and very important work has not yet, we believe, issued from the press; and we have great satisfaction in making use of the early copy,* for which we are indebted to its publisher, to afford our readers a bird's-eye view of the ample stores about to be spread before them.

Of all the momentous epochs in the annals of England, from the Norman Conquest to the year 1688, (including the abolition of vassalage, the signature of Magna Charta, the subjugation of Ireland, the union of the rival roses, the accession of the House of Stuart, bringing with it the virtual union of Scotland, the overthrow of the monarchy, and the Restoration,) there is not one of equal moment to that upon which the volumes now before us throw so many new lights. That a period involving consequences of such vast magnitude should have been illustrated by the ablest contemporary writers, and investigated by the best informed and most acute of later historians, was naturally to be expected; but after all we have read on the subject, we must say, that the confirmation given to many doubtful points, the clearing up of some obscure and mysterious circumstances, and the illumination of events generally, by the addition of collateral matters and incidental remarks bearing upon them, impart to this authentic Correspondence, &c. a very high degree of national importance. Lord Chancellor Clarendon, (the celebrated father of the brothers Henry and Laurence,†

from among whose papers these manuscripts have fortunately been recovered,) prepares our way for understanding them by his well-known History; while Burnet, a prominent actor on the scene, lends and receives interest to and from this publication. The excellent Dalrymple, too, (whose work is far too little seen,) Shaftesbury, Bishop Douglas, (Clarendon Correspondence, published in 1763,) Evelyn, Barrillon, and (recently) Mazure, besides our standard historians, may all be consulted with advantage after the perusal of these pages.

"The materials (we are told in the Preface) are derived from a large collection of the original papers of Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, second son of the illustrious author of the History of the Rebellion, which have been happily rescued from oblivion's obscurity, and now form part of the very interesting collection of MSS. accumulated by the unwearied assiduity of Mr. William Upcott, of the London Institution," to whose interference the public upon more than one happy occasion have been indebted for publications of a similar nature. These papers were obtained by him from a lady who inherited them from persons very nearly connected with the noble family of Hyde. A large proportion of the papers selected have the advantage of being hitherto unpublished, and comprise a very interesting series of letters from James Duke of York, William Prince of Orange, the Duke of Ormonde, Sir William Temple, and other illustrious persons, together with Lord Rochester's Diary of Occurrences during his Embassy to John Sobieski, King of Poland, in 1676; some highly important minutes of conversations with King James and with Barrillon, on the subject of his attempted conversion to the Roman Catholic faith; meditations on the anniversary of his father's death, and on that of his daughter. Among the letters addressed to him, is one of the highest interest from the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, immediately after he was taken at Ringwood, with others of equal historical importance; among which may be enumerated those containing the particulars of the loss of the Gloucester, and of the defection of the fleet under Lord Dartmouth; an event which so essentially contributed to the Revolution."

In the first volume, 180 pages comprehend the miscellaneous correspondence of the brothers already described, from October 1676 to August 1686; and furnish much curious information respecting the state of the country, politics, and things of inferior note. From so voluminous a work, it is only in our power, however, to make a brief selection; and while we must leave many remarkable facts untouched, we

shall endeavour to adduce such extracts as will justify the opinions of its extraordinary merits which we have so unreservedly expressed. Our strong predilection for true history, such as is to be found in documents of this kind, in preference to the philosophical romances mis-called by that name, will also, we trust, be borne in remembrance by our readers, when they weigh our judgment on the present occasion.

The subjoined letter of James to Laurence Hyde, dated Brussels, July 24th, 1679, shews, as is justly observed by Mr. Singer, that, with all his faults, he "had at least the merit of being constant to his purpose, and sincere in his profession; nor can it be doubted that many of the errors and misfortunes of his life arose from this unrelenting determination: he was unhappy in the adoption of a mode of faith at issue with the best interests of the nation he was destined to govern, if it may not be said, that it was opposed to the best interests of mankind." The letter is as follows:—

"I received on Monday last yours of the 4th, and did not expect a better answer than I had, since it was so long a coming; for if my reasons could not prevail at first, I believed those in power would press with more vigour than ever to hinder my being sent for; and then the going to Windsor was but a very ill sign for me: I see both by yours and the other letters I have had, I must have a great stock of patience, since nothing that can happen can contribute to my being sent for by his majesty, so long as he follows the counsels of those who are now at the head of his affairs; and I assure you, I will never try that way, you mentioned in yours to Churchill,* and which also has been hinted to me by several of my best friends, though I were sure it would restore me into the good opinion and esteem of the nation which I once had; and, therefore, I desire that neither you nor none of my friends will ever mention it to me, or flatter themselves that I can ever be brought to it: what I did was never done hastily, and I have expected many years, and been prepared for what has happened to me, and for the worst that can yet befall me. As for what is proposed, that I might have leave to go into England, and not be with his majesty, I do by no means approve of it; for I should make so strange a figure any where else but with him, and should be liable to so many affronts and other accidents, without being able to do myself any good; and besides, how can I expect any good so long as my enemies do absolutely govern and are at the head of affairs; and without I were with his majesty, how could I ever hope to prevail with him, or get the better of my

* Complete, except in the index, which we have had to wish to consult, having been led honestly and willingly through the whole two volumes by the historical value and interesting nature of their contents.

† Henry, 2d Earl of Clarendon, was born in June 1628, and succeeded his father in 1674. On the accession of James, his brother-in-law, he was made Lord Privy Seal; and in 1684-5 Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; which office he held about two years, and on which the Editor says—"The letters which he wrote during his continuance in this important charge will afford the best evidence of his conduct; and we have fortunately not only his public correspondence with the government at home, but his private letters to his brother, in which he unveils all his secrets, indulges in complaints against the conduct of the king and his prime minister, Sunderland, and discloses, without reserve, the whole plan of the progressive attacks made upon the Protestant religion and the liberty of the subject in Ireland. Lord Clarendon's near affinity to King James, and the high principles of loyalty and submission in which he had been educated, did not prevent him from representing the impropriety and danger of the courses proposed; but though he remonstrated against violent and open proceedings, and especially against the conduct of Tyrconnel, yet he expressed his readiness to effect the king's purposes in a manner less offensive and alarming, with a degree of policy not quite in character with the reputation given him by contemporary historians, of entire attachment to the Protestant cause." Again: "It may here be remarked by the way, that among the additions to the series of Lord Clarendon's Papers, is one well-deserving

attention, shewing that the Catholic Association of modern times is no novelty; and that even the measure of a rent or subscription was then also instituted to enable them to achieve their purpose with more complete effect." Laurence Hyde, the second son of the chancellor, was in 1676 ambassador to John Sobieski, King of Poland, of which embassy he kept the diary here partly printed. In 1685, on the death of John Wilmot, he was created Earl of Rochester.

* This way was to embrace the Protestant religion, advice which had frequently been given to the duke by his sincere well-wishers, and which he had always steadily rejected. A long letter had been addressed to him by an old cavalier, under the signature of Philanax Verus, pointing out the mischief and miseries his adherence to the Roman Catholic religion must eventually produce. This letter was printed in 1688, with other papers relating to the events of the time, in a collection supposed to have been made by Bishop Burnet.

enemies, who you say will turn every thing against me? so that except I can be with his majesty, and be assured of his sticking by me, I shall not desire to be in England, and must have patience till a more favourable conjuncture. As I had written thus far, I was interrupted by the Earl of Peterborough, who is just come. I have yet had little discourse with him, but shall not now seal up my letter till to-morrow, that the English letters will come. July 25.—I had last night the news of the dissolution of the present parliament, and a new one being to be called, to meet in October, which I am very glad of. I am sure there cannot be a worse, and hope his majesty will use this so, if they do not behave themselves as they should when they meet. But I see no change is like to bring me home, having had no hopes of any such thing by the letter I received this post; but I can have patience when I hear his majesty does any thing like a king, and I think is for his good, as certainly this was. I need not recommend to you the being watchful in my concerns, since you have already taken so much pains in them, of which, I assure you, I am as sensible as you can desire, and which you shall see if ever in my power."

The annexed paragraph from a letter of Lord Sunderland's to Lord Rochester, March 10, 1683, deserves especial notice:—

"Upon the news of my lord chief justice's being very ill, I spoke to the king of Jeffries, but I found him very much unresolved, and full of objections against him, as that all the judges would be unsatisfied if he were so advanced, and that he had not law enough."

"This unwillingness of Charles, (the editor remarks) and his reasons for objecting to Jeffries for chief justice, are creditable to him, and shew what historians in general have not suspected, that his appointment was the work of the ministers, and not of the king. Mr. Fox's reflection upon the monarch, therefore, is unjustly severe when he says: 'Jeffries, in this instance, ought to be regarded as the mere tool and instrument, (a fit one, no doubt,) of the prince who had appointed him for the purpose of this and similar services.' *Hist. of James II.* p. 48. It is upon record, that upon one occasion Charles said, that 'Jeffries has neither learning, law, nor good manners, but more impudence than ten carded w—s.'"

Of James's coronation there are some curious particulars; for example, Lord Townsend writes to Rochester, begging to be excused attending, "without (says his lordship) any reflection upon our duty and loyalty to the king and queen, which at all times shall appear as great as any body's, wherein we may be capable of giving testimony of the same. His grace told me withal, when he came out of town, that velvet and ermines were very hard to be got, and he thought that making what haste I could I should hardly get them for money; and I can assure your lordship that money is as hard to come by here in the country."

Mr. Ralph Montagu, afterwards Duke of Montagu, (though he was one of those who seconded Lord Russell's motion for the exclusion of James from the succession) on the contrary desires to attend the coronation; for, says he, "I know not how unfortunate I may be as to lie under his majesty's displeasure; but I know the generosity of his nature to be such, that as Louis Duke of Orleans, when he came to the crown of France, said it was not for a king of France to remember the quarrels and grudges of a Duke of Orleans, so I hope his

majesty will be pleased to think the king is not to remember any thing that has passed in relation to the Duke of York; for whatever my opinions were when I delivered them, being trusted by the public, they are altered now I am become his subject, knowing myself obliged, by the laws of God and man, to hazard life and fortune in the defence of his sacred person, crown, and dignity. I hope my coming can give no offence, since it is out of no other end but to do my duty and submission, as it is fit for a subject to do, and to enjoy that protection and justice under his majesty's government, which I am confident he will refuse no man who resolves to be so loyal and respectful to him in all things as I do."

"Upon the death of Charles II.," Dalrymple states in his Memoirs, "the Prince of Orange endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation between King James and himself; and for this purpose sent over M. Ouwerkerk from Holland, and wrote the following letters to the favourite minister to entreat his good offices. James received his advances with the same insincerity with which he suspected they were made."

This is singularly corroborated by a letter in the present collection, dated at the Hague, 5th March, 1685, written in French, by the Prince to Lord Rochester (upon whom the staff of Lord Treasurer had just been bestowed), and thus translated:—

"I hope it will not be necessary that I should make a formal apology that I have not written to you for so long a period, the reasons being sufficiently known to you: but I trust that this will have in no degree altered the friendship you have always shewn me; and that you will, therefore, be assured that no one can rejoice more than I do, that the king has confided to you the greatest and most important office in England. I wish you all the prosperity and contentment imaginable; and beg you to be assured, that no one does it with more earnest sincerity than I do. I entreat you to continue your friendship to me, and to assist me in acquiring the king's good opinion; assuring you that my conduct shall be such, that I doubt not the king will be satisfied with it, as also with the assurances that I have commanded Ouwerkerk to make him from me. It will be a very great obligation I shall owe to you, if you have the kindness to procure me so great a good, and one that I desire so much. I will endeavour to requite it all my life, on all occasions wherein I can shew how much and truly I am your servant."

It appears that "Ouwerkerk's mission was to assure James that the Prince of Orange not only repented of his opposition to the late king, but also to acknowledge his error in his conduct towards the present monarch, when Duke of York; to assure him that he would make all reparation in his power, and that his future conduct should be agreeable to what he would be pleased to prescribe. This the king told Barillon; and added, that he had accepted of the Prince's submission, only upon the terms that he would alter his conduct in respect to the French king. James had also stipulated that he should remove the Duke of Monmouth from Holland, and his adherents from the British regiments in the Dutch service, insisting most strongly on his attaching himself to France. It is shewn by subsequent letters, that the Prince acceded to the two first articles, and Colonel Babington's dismissal was one of the consequences; but he avoided giving an answer in regard to his future conduct towards France."

On the 25th of May (little more than two months later), the Prince of Orange replies to a communication respecting Monmouth.

"I am much obliged to you for the frankness with which you let me know your opinion, in which course I beg you will continue. I can assure you, on the word of a man of honour, that I have not known, nor know to this moment, whether the Duke of Monmouth is in Holland. It is true, that it has been said that he was wandering between Rotterdam and Amsterdam, and even that he had been at the Hague; but although I have done what I could to be informed of the truth, I have not been able to ascertain it, and thus, much less to find means to have him told to leave Holland, which was certainly my intention, knowing that it was not right for him to be in a place so near to where I was; and if I can yet discover him I will execute my first design. I beg you to be assured that I am always entirely yours."

On this Mr. Singer observes:—

"If there is to be any faith reposed in the honour of a prince, this letter ought to be a complete answer to all suspicions, 'that the Prince of Orange encouraged, underhand, the expedition of the Duke of Monmouth, with the design to ruin him.' And coupled with Monmouth's own declaration, that he had assured the Prince and Princess of Orange, he would attempt nothing against James, ought to be conclusive on this head. King James's Memoirs, however, make the following unsupported assertion: 'The Prince of Orange himself, though he had countenanced the Duke of Monmouth underhand, and had promised to send some supply of arms, &c. after him; instead of that, offered his service to the king, not out of good-will to him, but to keep the sweet morsel for himself, proffering to come in person, and bring a body of troops along with him, to his majesty's assistance, if he pleased to permit it.'"

Indeed, the fact of Monmouth's acting without the sanction of the Prince of Orange is much strengthened by other documents: nor could it be William's policy to advance that individual to the throne, which he was much more likely to retain than his bigotted uncle.

After the battle of Sedgemoor, "the following letter, which has never been printed, requires a greater degree of interest from the circumstance of its strengthening the supposition implied by Monmouth's letter to the king, that he had a secret to communicate of high importance to his welfare. In his letter to the king, he says, 'I have that to say to you, sir, that I hope may give you a long and happy reign;' and afterwards, 'Could I but say one word in this letter, you would be convinced of it, but it is of that consequence that I dare not do it.'—Here again he writes, 'I have that to say to him that I am sure will set him at quiet for ever;' and again, 'I am sure that which I can do is of more importance than taking my life away; and I am confident, if I may be so happy to speak to him, he will himself be convinced of it.' Surely these words imply that he was possessed of a secret which it was of importance to the king to know."

The letter runs thus:—

From Ringswood, the 9th of July, 1685.

"My lord, having had some proofs of your kindness when I was last at Whitehall, makes me hope now that you will not refuse interesting for me with the king, being I now, though too late, see how I have been misled; were I not clearly convinced of that, I would rather die a thousand deaths than say what I do. I writ yesterday to the king, and the chief busi-

of my letter was to desire to speak to him, for I have that to say to him that I am sure will set him at quiet for ever; I am sure the whole study of my life shall hereafter be how to serve him; and I am sure that which I can do is more worth than taking my life away; and I am confident, if I may be so happy to speak to him, he will himself be convinced of it, being I can give him such infallible proofs of my truth to him, that though I would alter, it would not be in my power to do it. This which I have now said, I hope will be enough to encourage your lordship to shew me your favour, which I do earnestly desire of you, and hope that you have so much generosity as not to refuse it. I hope, my lord, and I make no doubt of it, that you will not have cause to repent having saved my life, which I am sure you can do a great deal in it, if you please; being it obliges me for ever to be entirely yours, which I shall ever be, as long as I have life.

MONMOUTH.

Upon this interesting subject we shall add but two other extracts.

Colonel Scott's Narrative respecting the Suppression of the Duke of Monmouth's Letter to King James.—In the year 1734 I was in company with Colonel Scott at Boulogne-sur-Mer, in France, when the colonel called me to him, and said, 'Mr. Bowdler, you are a young man, and I am an old one; I will tell you something worth remembering. When the Duke of Monmouth was in the Tower, under sentence of death, I had the command of the guard there, and one morning the duke desired me to let him have pen, ink, and paper, for he wanted to write to the king. He wrote a very long letter; and when he had sealed it, he desired me to give him my word of honour that I would carry that letter to the king, and deliver it into his hands but his. I told him I would most willingly do it if it was in my power, but that my orders were not to stir from him till his execution; and, therefore, I dared not leave the Tower. At this he expressed great uneasiness, saying, he could have depended on my honour; but at length asked me if there was any officer in that place on whose fidelity I could rely. I told him that Capt. — was one on whom I would willingly confide in any thing on which my own life depended, and more I could not say of any man. The duke desired he might be called. When he was come, the duke told him the affair; he promised on his word and honour that he would deliver the letter to no person whatever, but to the king only. Accordingly he went immediately to court, and being come near the door of the king's closet, took the letter out of his pocket to give it to the king. Just then Lord Sunderland came out of the closet, and seeing him, asked what he had in his hand; he said it was a letter from the Duke of Monmouth, which he was going to give to the king. Lord Sunderland said, 'Give it to me, I will carry it to him.' 'No, my lord,' said the captain, 'I pawned my honour to the duke that I would deliver the letter to no man but the king himself.' 'But,' said Lord Sunderland, 'the king is putting on his shirt, and you cannot be admitted into the closet; but the door shall stand so far open that you shall see me give it to him.' After many words, Lord Sunderland prevailed on the captain to give him the letter, and his lordship went into the closet with it.—After the Revolution, Colonel Scott, who followed the fortunes of King James, going one day to see the king at dinner, at St. Germain's, in France, the king called him to him, and

said, 'Colonel Scott, I have lately heard a thing that I want to know from you whether it is true.' The king then related the story, and the colonel assured him that what his majesty had been told was exactly true. Upon which the king then said, 'Colonel Scott, as I am a living man, I never saw that letter, nor did I ever hear of it till within these few days.'

Our second quotation "is altogether an extraordinary letter of Lord Churchill's; it manifests a spirit not born to obey, but to command; and impatient of following where he felt that he ought to lead. It was this spirit and his military genius, which made him what he ultimately became, the first captain of his age. The orthography of the original has been preserved as a curiosity. It was not to literary acquirement that the master-spirit of the great Marlborough was to owe his never-dying fame." It is addressed to Lord Clarendon.

"My lord, I have received your Lordships kind letter, and doe assure you, that you waire very Just to me in the opinion you had of me, for nobody living can have bene more observant then I have bene to my Lord feaversham, ever since I have bene with him, in soe much that he did tell me that he would writt to the king to lett him know how diligent I was, and I should be glade if you could know whether he has done me that justice. I find by the enimes warant to the constables, that thay have more mind to gett horses and sadells, then anny thing else, which looks as if he had a mind to break away with his horse to som other place, and leave his foot intrrenched att Bridgwater, but of this and all other things you will have itt more att large from my Lord feaversham, who has the sole comand here, soe that I know nothing but what is his pleasure to tell me, soe that I am afraid of giving my opinion freely, for feare that itt should not agree with what is the king's intentions, and soe only expose myself; but as to the taking caire of the men and all other things that is my duty, I am shure nobody can be more carefull then I am; and as for my obedience, I am shure Mr. Ogletorp is not more dutyfull then I am; when you are at leaseure, ten lins from you will be a greatt pleasure to me, who have not many things to please me here, for I see plainly that the troble is mine, and that the honor will be anothers; however, my life shall be freely exposed for the kings service.

I am, with all truth, &c.

CHURCHILL."

Friendship's Offering for 1828. 12mo. pp. 382. London. Smith, Elder, and Co.

AMONG the periodicals of late years, few bore stronger marks of rising talent than did the *Album and Knight's Quarterly Magazine*: some of the pathetic pieces of the former were unrivalled; while the vivacity of the latter spoke of young and brilliant spirits, the maturity of whose mind was, indeed, a land of promise; and even in this poetical age, we have not often met with poetry more exquisite than appeared in its pages. Many of these writers have, we are glad to see, given their support to an old friend;—and the *Friendship's Offering* is well worthy of their assistance, and does great credit to its Editor. A modest and well-written preface ushers in many articles of great merit: there is a first-rate tale, *Auguste de Valcour*, with all that powerful anatomy of human feeling which marks the author of *Gilbert Earle*; one "a record of

wild war"—the *Caçadore*—whose simple truth only adds to its fearful interest; the *Orphans*, by C. Knight; the *Three Advices*, by T. Crofton Croker; and *Titian's Last Picture*,—we must enumerate among our favourites in the serious parts;—while of the comic, the following may be a specimen:

On Housekeepers.

"There were two heavy, middle-aged merchants; they were either Dutch or German, I know not which, but their name was Vanderclump. Most decided old bachelors they were, with large, leathern, hanging cheeks, sleepy gray eyes, and round shoulders. They were men not given to much speech, but great feeders; and, when waited upon, would point clumsily to what they wanted, and make a sort of low growl, rather than be at the trouble to speak. These Messrs. Vanderclump were served by two tall, smooth-faced dawdles: I never could discover which held the superior station in the ménage. Each has been seen trotting home from market, with a basket on her arm; each might be observed to shake a dust to the upper windows; each would, occasionally, carry a huge bunch of keys, or wait at table during dinner; and in the summer evenings, when it was not post-day, both of them would appear, dressed alike, sitting at work at the lower counting-house window, with the blinds thrown wide open. Both, I suppose, were housekeepers. It happened, one cold, foggy spring, that the younger brother, Mr. Peter Vanderclump, left London to transact some business of importance with a correspondent at Hamburg, leaving his brother Anthony to the loneliness of their gloomy house in St. Mary Axe. Week after week passed away, and Mr. Peter was still detained at Hamburg. Who would have supposed that his society could have been missed? that the parlour could have seemed more dimly dull by the absence of one of those from whom it chiefly derived its character of dulness. Mr. Anthony took up his largest merchaum, and enveloped himself in its smoke by the hour; but the volumes of smoke cleared away, and no Peter Vanderclump appeared emerging from the mist. Mr. Anthony brought some of his heavy folios from below; and, in their pages of interest, (no common, but often compound interest,) lost, for a while, the dreary sense of loneliness. But, a question was to be asked! Peter's solemn 'yah' or 'nein,' was waited for in vain. Forgetful, and almost impatient, Anthony looked up—the chair was unoccupied which his brother had constantly filled. Mr. Anthony began to sigh—he got into a habit of sighing. Betty and Molly (they were soft-hearted baggages) felt for their master,—pitied their poor master! Betty was placing the supper on the table one evening, when her master sighed very heavily. Betty sighed also; and the corners of her mouth fell—their eyes met—something like a blush crimsoned Betty's sleek, shining cheek, when, on raising her eyes again, her master was still staring at her. Betty simpered; and, in her very soft, very demure voice, ventured to say, 'Was there any thing she could do?' Mr. Vanderclump rose up from his chair. Betty, for the first time, felt awed by his approach. 'Batee!' he said, 'my poor Batee! Hah! you are a goot girl!' He chuckled her under the chin with his large hand. Betty looked meek, and blushed, and simpered again. There was a pause—Mr. Vanderclump was the first to disturb it. 'Hah! hah!' he exclaimed, gruffly, as if suddenly recollecting himself; and thrusting both hands into his capacious breeches'

pockets, he sat down to supper, and took no further notice of Betty that night. The next morning, the sun seemed to have made a successful struggle with the dense London atmosphere, and shone full in Mr. Vanderclump's face while he was at breakfast; and, setting a piping bullfinch singing a tune which his master loved rather for the sake of old associations than from any delight in music. Then Lloyd's list was full of arrivals, and the price current had that morning some unusual charm about it, which I cannot even guess at. Mr. Vanderclump looked upon the bright and blazing fire; his eyes rested, with a calm and musing satisfaction, on the light volumes of steam rising from the spout of the teakettle, as it stood, rather murmuring drowsily than hissing, upon the hob. There was, he might have felt, a sympathy between them. They were both placidly puffing out the warm and wreathing smoke. He laid down his pipe, and took half a well-buttered muffin into his capacious mouth at a bite; he washed the mouthful down with a large dish of tea, and he felt in better spirits. That morning he entered the counting-house rubbing his hands. Within an hour, a crowd of huge, dusky clouds shut out the merry sunshine; and the Hamburg mail brought no tidings whatever of Mr. Peter. Mr. Anthony worked himself up into a thorough ill-humour again, and swore at his clerks, because they asked him questions. When he entered his apartment that evening he felt more desolate than ever. Betty placed a barrel of oysters on the table—he heeded her not;—a large German sausage—his eyes were fixed on the ground;—a piece of Hamburg beef—Mr. Vanderclump looked up for an instant, and, Europa-like, his thoughts crossed the sea, upon that beef, to Hamburg. Gradually, however, a genial warmth spread throughout the room; for Betty stirred up the fire, and let down the curtains, and snuffed the dim candles; while Molly loaded the table with bottles of divers shapes and sizes, a basin of snow-white sugar, and a little basket of limes, of well-known and exquisite flavour; placing, at the same time, a very small kettle of boiling water on the fire. 'Why, Mollee! my goot girl!' said Mr. Vanderclump, in a low and somewhat melancholy tone, (his eyes had mechanically followed these latter proceedings.) 'Mollee! that is ponch!' 'La, sir! and why not?' replied the damsel, almost playfully; 'why not be comfortable and cheery? I am sure;' and here she meant to look encouraging, her usual simper spreading to a smile, 'I am sure Betty and I would do our best to make you so.' 'Goot girls, goot girls!' said Mr. Vanderclump, his eyes fixed, all the while, upon the supper table—he sat down to it. 'My goot girls,' said he, soon after, 'you may go down, I do not want you; you need not wait.' The two timid, gentle creatures instantly obeyed. More than an hour elapsed, and then Mr. Vanderclump's bell rang. The two matronly maidens were very busily employed in making a new cap. Betty rose at once; but, suddenly, recollecting that she had been trying on her new and unfinished cap, and had then only a small brown cotton skull-cap on her head, she raised both her hands to her head to be certain of this, and then said, 'Do, Molly! there's a dear! answer the bell! for such a figure as I am, I could not go before master, no how. See, I have unpicked this old cap, for a little bit of French edging at the back.' Molly looked a little peevish; but her cap was on her head, and up stairs she went. Mr. Vanderclump was sitting before the fire,

puffing lustily from his eternal pipe. 'Take away,' he said abruptly, 'and put the leetle table here;' he pointed and growled, and the sagacious Molly understood. She placed the table beside him, and upon it the punch, which he had been drinking. 'Batee, my poor Batee!' said Mr. Vanderclump, who had not yet noticed that Betty was absent. 'It is not Betty, but Molly, sir,' replied the latter damsel, in a voice of child-like simplicity. 'Hah!' said he, apparently considering for a moment, 'hah! Batee, Mollee, all the same! Mollee, my poor Mollee, you are a goot girl! Get up to-morrow morning, my poor Mollee, and put on your best gown, and I will marry you!' Molly was, as she afterwards declared, struck all of a heap. She gaped and gasped with astonishment; and then a power of words were rushing and racing up her throat to her tongue's end: a glance at her master stopped their explosion. His hands were in his pockets, his face towards the fire, his pipe in his mouth. 'Yes, sir,' she replied, humbly and distinctly. A few tears trickled down her cheeks, as she curtsied low at the door, and disappeared. She knew his ways, she thought within herself, as she walked very slowly down the stairs; and she congratulated herself that she had not risked another word in reply. 'And now, Betty,' she said, as she entered the kitchen, 'I'll put the finishing stitch to my cap, and go to bed; for master will want nothing more to night.' She sat down quietly to work, and conversed quietly with Betty, not disclosing a word of her new prospects. Betty, however, observed that she took off the trimming with which her new cap had been already half adorned. 'Why, bless me! Molly!' she cried, 'you are not going to put on that handsome white satin bow, are you?' 'Why yes! I think I shall,' replied Molly; 'for now I look at your cap, with that there yellow riband upon it, mine seems to me quite old-maidish.' The next morning, Molly got up before her sister, and put on her best gown and her new cap. The morning was dark and dull, and Betty was sleepy, and Molly kept the window curtain and the bed-curtains closely drawn. Unsuspected, she slipped out of the chamber, her shawl and her bonnet in her hand. As the clock struck eight, Molly was standing beside her master before the rails of the marriage altar; and, not long after, she burst upon the astonished eyes of her sister, as Mrs. Vanderclump. In due time, Mr. Peter Vanderclump returned; but a slight coolness arose between the two brothers, and Mr. Anthony, at the suggestion of his wife, took a small house in Cophall Court, Throgmorton-street. Mrs. Vanderclump was fond of the country, and longed for a window that looked into the Drapers' Gardens! Betty was invited to accompany her sister; but no—Betty was also cool—she was nothing but a housekeeper! and no company for gentlefolks! She was poor Mr. Peter's servant, and could remain where she was!—and so she did: but poor Mr. Peter soon began to feel very lonely; and, one evening, in the innocence of his heart, quite unconscious of his brother's manner of wooing, he took Betty's hand, and said, 'Batee, my poor Batee! you are a goot girl! get up to-morrow morning, and put on your best gown, and I will marry you.'

Of the poetry we must speak in terms of very high praise. The Witch of the North, by the Rev. John Moultrie, would alone make the popularity of the volume: there is the Red Fisherman, very clever, by Praed; some sweet lines to Psyche, by C. H. Townsend; an ex-

cellent ballad—the Lists of Naseby Wold; and for what we extract, let them speak for themselves.

"Virginia Water.—Charles Knight.

A wild and solemn scene in the green woods—
A close and shaded scene—where the quick water
Wakes its own musical voice, unweird by man.
It is a quiet, heart-entrancing tone,
A mellow sound, in which, amidst the leaps
Of the white sparkling foam, a constant roll
Swells like the deep flow of the organ's peal.
Unwearied minstrelsy! thou art not dull;
But in the noon-tide glow 'twere sweet to dream,
Hushed by thy murmuring song, and hear in thee
Gushes of choral hymns, the slumbering airs
Of music indistinct, such as the wind
Breathes on its own lute with a balmy kiss.
Faint image of the loud and mighty falls
That headlong tumble down unfathom'd steepes,
And lift, amidst the hills eternally,
A voice more dreary than the whirlwind's roar,
I love thee not the less that thou hast come
Fresh from the hand of art, a gentle thing,
A pleasant tranquil thing, such as in groves,
Where a soft glimmering light for ever lies,
May mingle with the breeze and the blithe song
Of evening nightingales. Yet thou art not
A crude untripped beauty for the sun,
And dew, and frost, have long conversed with thee,
Till thy brown rocky stones are crumbling and hoar,
While the moss clings to them as if they grew
Here with the hills. The graceful willows droop
Beautiful o'er thee, and the weeping birch
Is listening to thy voice. Fair art thy feet
The scaccia blooms; the uncropped turf is fresh
With spongy moss, mid knots of rank thick grass,
And straggling fern, and frequent dewy nooks
Where the bright harebell gleams like a precious gem,
Deep by thy side there is a rocky cave,
Piled up as if in sport, where the high sun
Not often looks through its thin doming boughs.
Here the close lichen, and the delicate heath,
And yellow peltitory, have singled out
Green vegetative spots, where they may creep
Blooming amidst the dark and dripping walls.
Hollowly here the gushing water sounds,
With a mysterious voice; and one might pause
Upon its echoes till it seem'd a noise
Of fathomless wilds where man had never walk'd."

"Pallinodia.—Anonymous.

There was a time when I could feel
All passion's hopes and fears,
And tell what tongues can ne'er reveal,
By smiles, and sighs, and tears.
The days are gone! no more, no more,
The cruel fates allow;
And, though I'm hardly twenty-four,
I'm not a lover now.
Lady, the mist is on my sight,
The chill is on my brow;
My day is night, my bloom is blight—
I'm not a lover now!

I never talk about the clouds,
I laugh at girls and boys,
I'm growing rather fond of crowds,
And very fond of noise;
I never wander forth alone
Upon the mountain's brow;
I weighed, last winter, sixteen stone,—
I'm not a lover now!
I never wish to raise a veil,
I never raise a sigh;
I never tell a tender tale,
I never tell a lie;
I cannot kneel as once I did;
I've quite forgot my bow;
I never do as I am bid,—
I'm not a lover now!
I make strange blunders every day,
If I would be gallant,
Take smiles for wrinkles, black for gray,
And needs for their aunt;
I fly from folly, though it flows
From lips of loveliest glow;
I don't object to length of nose,—
I'm not a lover now!
The muse's steed is very fleet—
I'd rather ride my mare;
The poet hunts a quaint conceit—
I'd rather hunt a hare;
I've learnt to utter yours and you
Instead of thine and thou;
And oh! I can't endure a Blue!—
I'm not a lover now!
I find my Ovid very dry,
My Petrarch quite a pill,
Cut Fancy for Philosophy,
Tom Moore for Mr. Mill;
And bellies may read, and brains may write,
I care not who or how;
I burnt my album Sunday night,—
I'm not a lover now!
I don't encourage idle dreams
Of poison or of ropes;
I cannot dine on airy schemes,
I cannot sup on hopes:

New milk, I own, is very fine,
Just foaming from the cow;
But yet I want my pint of wine,—
I'm not a lover now!

When Laura sings young hearts away,
I'm deafen'd to the deep;
When Leonora goes to play,
I sometimes go to sleep;
When Mary draws her white gloves out,
I never dance, I vow;
'Too hot to kick one's heels about!'—
I'm not a lover now!

I'm busy now with state affairs,
I prize of Pitt and Fox;
I ask the price of rail-road shares,
I watch the turns of stocks;
And this is life! no verdure blooms
Upon the withered bough.
I save a fortune in perfumes,—
I'm not a lover now!

I may be yet what others are,
A boudoir's babbling fool;
The flattered star of bench or bar,
A party's chief or tool;
Come shower or sunshine, hope or fear,
The palace or the plough—
My heart and lute are broken here,—
I'm not a lover now!

Lady, the mist is on my sight,
The chill is on my brow;
My day is night, my bloom is blight,—
I'm not a lover now!

"The First Ball.—L. E. L.
Ay, wrath the tresses o'er thy brow,
The pearls amid thine hair,
And gaze until that young cheek grow
A thousand times more fair.
With sunny smiles and blushes bright,
The Persian arrows which to-night
Meet the young beauty wear;
Clasp the last ruby of her zone,
And now go forth, thou lovely one!
And, glad as fair, it is thy first,
Ah! that the charm hath made.
Thou hast not seen the bubble burst,
Nor watch'd the flower fade;
And little dream'st an hour will be,
When festal scene shall seem to thee
A silence and a shade.
Thou know'st not pleasure has the wing,
As well as song, of bird in spring,
Oh, spring is beautiful as brief!
The cheek forgets its rose,
The colour withers from the leaf,
And, worse still, I know those
Who wear their outward breath and bloom,
Like blossoms placed upon the tomb,
To hide the darkest woes.
For, soon as these fair hues depart,
They fade yet faster from the heart.
But thou, as yet, canst only see
The festal hall, where Night
Reigns, throned like a divinity,
With incense and with light.
Like music and like echo meet
The harp-notes and the silvery feet,
And thousand flowers unite
In gather'd beauty to declare
Their soul's sweet secrets to the air.
What dost thou dream of, lovely one?
Of pleasure?—Look around,
Behind the veil and mask, for none
Unveil'd, unmask'd are found.
Mark yon fair girl: the tears have rush'd
To her blue eyes, the cheek has blush'd;
As with a crimson wound;
And why? your head is bound with pearls,
While hers hath but its own bright curls!
Or, pass you such poor triumph by;
The pride is on your brow,
And laughing lips are flashing eye
Another hope away.
What dost thou dream of, lovely one?
Of hearts that but a look hath won?—
Looks shaft-like from a bow,
That slay by chance?—Now, out on thee!
To think of such cold vanity.
Or do you dream a dearer dream,
And can such dream be love?
No star hath such a fatal beam
In yon wide heaven above.
Go, waste your first, your sweetest years;
Go, waste away your rose with tears;
Go, like a wounded dove;
The poison'd arrow in your side
You cannot bear, you yet must hide!
Mark her who by yon column lone
Leans with dark absent eye;
A blush upon her cheek is thrown,
'Tis from the red wreath high—
She's musing over some sweet word,
Long whisper'd but still freshly heard,
Some honey flattery;
Careless, perchance, and lightly spoken,
But which the heart too oft hath broken.

Why should I speak these words of doom
To one of fairy glee?
Alas! who ever look'd on bloom,
Nor thought how it would be?
Soon, nothing but a thing to keep,
For weary memory to weep,
And thus it is with thee;
For all thy beauty and thy breath
Are nunt by care, to end in death!"

We have now one parting observation to make, rather addressed to the Annuals in general than to this one in particular, as the offence has been very common:—why do we see duplicates of the same production in different works? A poem of Coleridge's, Youth and Age; one of Mrs. Hemans's, the Memory of the Dead; a Sketch of Miss Mitford's, and a Song of T. K. Hervey's;—all these are published twice over. These are among our most popular writers, and we are inclined to be proportionably severe: if their productions are, as we believe them to be, handsomely remunerated, the proceeding is dishonest; if given, it is claiming gratitude for a favour not in reality conferred.

Sketch of a Journey through the Western States of North America, &c. By W. Bullock, F.L.S. 12mo. pp. 135. London, 1827. John Miller.

WE expected so much more from the announcement of this book, from Mr. Bullock's practical knowledge and acuteness of observation, and from the countries he had traversed, including the heart-provinces of Mexico, that we confess it has extremely disappointed us. Instead of affording us the information which the author could so well give, respecting the mining speculations in Mexico,—instead of illustrating a single fact in his once favourite study of natural history,—we have a meagre account of a voyage up the Mississippi, and a provoking reprint of a Guide for Visitors to the seldom-visited town of Cincinnati, in Ohio. Our friend, indeed, seems to have become occupied with a new and absorbing idea. Near Cincinnati he has discovered that a modern "El Dorado" exists:—it is a perfect paradise! and he has resolved to settle an establishment there called *Hygeia*; some 500 miles from Mr. Owen's *Harmony*, and we know not how far from Miss Wright's *we know not what*. These various schemes are in full operation at this moment. The worthy individuals at the head of them are persons for whom we entertain sentiments of much regard; and though we cannot be organs of their dubious and rather prolix plans, we hear of their efforts, and meet their communications and themselves, with no unkindly feelings. When emigration is so strenuously recommended, even their little outlets may conduce to the general welfare; and who can tell but that nations hereafter may worship a Birkbeck, an Owen, a Wright, and a Bullock, as their origins, in remote antiquity, under the symbols of a Triptolemus, a Mercurius, a Diana, and an Apis? Their present supremacy is to be seen in cargoes of respectable emigrants who are leaving London and their native country, at this time, to seek for greater independence, comfort, and happiness, in their several settlements.*

With regard to Mr. Bullock's new Museum, or Rural Town, on the banks of the Ohio, he tells us, that, "convinced of its eligibility, in every respect, for the residence of persons of limited property, he purchased an extensive estate, with a handsome house there, within a mile of the city, to which he is about to retire with his family. The spot is so beautiful and

* Mr. Owen, Miss Wright, and Mr. Bullock, were all in town last week, proselytizing and recruiting.

salubrious, and affords such facilities for the erection of pleasurable dwellings, with gardens to them, that, on his arrival in England, with a survey of the estate, he engaged Mr. John B. Papworth, the architect, to lay out the most beautiful part of it as a town of retirement, to be called *Hygeia*, as shewn in the plan exhibited in the front of this volume. This will enable persons desirous of establishing themselves in this abundant and delightful country, to do so at a very moderate expense." We ought to note that Mr. Papworth's laying out of *Hygeia* has been by the fireside: that able and most meritorious architect having too much to do in London to have it in his power to enjoy the practical delight of surveying the scenery of the Ohio. No doubt he will manage it well enough from the plans brought over; and for accommodation of the best sort, from a palace to a wig-wam, from a domain to a yard, settlers need not hesitate on that account.

Of the wonders to be witnessed on the way, i. e. if by New Orleans, which is rather round about, Mr. Bullock mentions the following:—

"The vicinity of New Orleans is not interesting, and the roads and drives but few, owing to the swamp in which it is placed. We went in a carriage to lake Ponchartrain, about three miles distant, where we procured a few interesting fresh-water shells; but, in general, the subjects of natural history, which I had lately seen, had not much novelty to recommend them. I must not omit stating that, in one of my rambles, in a small street, near the steam-boat landing, I saw on a sign, in large letters, 'Big Bone Museum.' This excited my curiosity, and I expected to see mammoth-bones, as the banks past which the water of this river rolls, had produced a great number of those surprising remains. I therefore entered, and was indeed astonished at the sight, not of the remains of a mammoth, but what are believed to be those of a stupendous crocodile, and which, indeed, are likely to prove so, intimating the former existence of a lizard at least 100 feet long; for I measured the right side of the under jaw, which I found to be twenty-one feet along the curve, and four feet six inches wide; the others consisted of numerous vertebrae, ribs, femoral bones, and toes, all corresponding in size to the jaw; there were also some teeth, these, however, were not of proportionate magnitude; but the person who found them (W. S. Schofield) assured me that he had also discovered another tooth, similar to the rest, but considerably larger, which had been clandestinely taken from his exhibition-room. These remains were discovered, a short time since, in the swamp, near Fort Philip; and the other parts of the mighty skeleton are, it is said, in the same part of the swamp. On my hinting the probability that these bones might have belonged to a species of whale, Mr. S. gave me such reasons, on the authority of an intelligent zoologist and comparative anatomist, who was preparing to give the world a description of them, as convinced me that my conjecture was without foundation. I offered a considerable sum for these immense remains, but the proprietor refused to part with them, assuring me that it was his intention to procure the remainder of them, and then take them to Europe."

If this antediluvian lizard lived (as our modern lizards do,) principally on flies, what tremendous things the blue-bottles of those days must have been! A dragon of romance would be nothing to one of them: he would eat a dragon for his luncheon. Has not Mr.

Schofield been at his tricks, making bones? if not, the American sea-serpent is a creature of verity.

The naive way in which our esteemed countryman describes his landing and reception at Cincinnati, also deserves to be extracted.

"It was Easter Sunday, and the landing was crowded with respectable, well-dressed people. We had only a minute to view the front of this part of the city, with the steamboat landing, and the villages of Newport and Cavington on the opposite side, before we were landed, and introduced to Col. Mack, proprietor of the principal hotel; an establishment of order, regularity, and comfort, that would do credit to any city of Europe. The number and respectability of its guests proved, at once, the estimation in which it was held in the country. The dinner-bell summoned us at two o'clock, and we found an assemblage of about seventy ladies and gentlemen; the former at the head of the table, with Mrs. Mack, while the colonel was on his feet, attending to the wants of his guests, and seeing that the waiters were attending to their duty. The dinner was such, that an epicure, from whatever part of the world he might have arrived, would have had little cause to complain, as in no part of my travels have I seen a table spread with more profusion, or better served: the only occasion of complaint with an Englishman would arise from the want of warm plates, and a little more time to have enjoyed the repast, twenty minutes only being allowed by the industrious habits of this part of America for their principal meal. Little wine is used at the dinner-table, the guests being principally merchants, who prefer this mode of living to housekeeping, return immediately to their stores, or counting-houses, with a better relish for business than is usually found after the enjoyment of the bottle."

In the market, next morning, the author was astonished "at the prices of the articles, as well as at their superior quality. For a hind quarter of mutton, thirteen-pence was demanded; a turkey, that would have borne a comparison with the best Christmas bird from Norfolk, the same price; fowls three-pence to four-pence each; a fine roasting pig, ready for the spit, one shilling and three-pence; beef, three-halfpence per pound; pork, one penny per pound; butter, cheese, Indian corn, wheaten flour, and every other article in the same proportion. The fish-market was equally good and reasonable; and the vegetables as excellent as the season would allow; the asparagus, in particular, superior in goodness and size to that exposed at Covent Garden, and at less than one-fourth of its price."

Now, might not a man, if it were not so far to go for it, spend his time here in glorious gluttony? but the deuce is, to be allowed only twenty minutes for your meal! One would rather have more time, though perhaps it were to dine on prawns or perriwinkles, quasi fish; pettoes for meat; wheat-ears for poultry and game; and walnuts (hard to skin) for dessert: not to mention the enjoyments of society, the absence of which might inspire the name of the beautiful adjacent river into Oh-beigh-ho. As soon as Mr. Bullock is fairly settled, however, we propose calling upon him, and spending a week or two at Elmwood; and on our return we shall be more communicative of particulars to our readers. Till then, suffice it to say, vide Drake and Mansfield's account of Ohio, that it has rivers, a climate, minerals, roads (some of them very bad), canals, a population, a militia, a capital (Columbus), a religion (we beg pardon, religions—for there are

fifteen sects established in the town of Cincinnati alone, besides nine newspapers, and "a semi-monthly Medical Repository," a government, manufactures, and commerce. Thus, nothing seems to be wanting to human happiness, especially as the growing town has, in a great "density of habitation," above 15,000 souls, twenty-eight clergymen, thirty-four attorneys and counsellors at law, and thirty-five physicians!

The Pledge of Friendship. London, 1828. W. Marshall.

ANOTHER of these fair ships, bound for public favour:—well, there is nothing like a free trade; and in this reading age there are ports enow for all. The present arrival is a novelty, being the first of the series aspiring to literary originality: it has much merit, and, moreover, should be treated with the indulgence due to a promising beginner. Still we have a little advice to give the editor: let him exclude no small portion of the "*balaam*" of the present year from the next; productions of (we suppose) boarding-school misses, which might be mistaken for exercises, and of second-rate magazine writers, are ill calculated to give support, now that our *Annals* take so high a tone. We rarely break a butterfly on the wheel—but we must reprehend imitation carried to such a pitch as Miss Pardoe's is of L. E. L.; the copying is so close as to be almost ludicrous. Few writers are more dangerous to their followers than the author of the *Improvisatrice*: it is easy to copy her faulty rhythm, or her fondness for peculiar subjects; but, as in this instance, the *Song of the Spirits*,—the whole idea evidently taken from the *Fairies on the Sea-shore*,—we are tempted to exclaim, here are the faults, but what else is there? It is a common mistake of young writers, to let their admiration become imitation, without remembering that no beaten path ever yet led to the waters of Helicon. We have now but the more agreeable part of our task—to praise. Among the prose articles are three whose merit is thrown into strong relief by their companions: the *Lowly Lady*, a sweet tale by the Author of *May You Like It*; the *Beacon Light*, very clever, by David Lyndsay; and *Weddings*, a lively sketch by Miss Roberts, and one of her best productions. Among the poetry is some exquisitely written by Mr. Dale; several pieces to which we see, with pleasure, Bernard Barton's name attached; two or three gems by L. E. L.: but Mr. Præd has furnished the light and airy tone; the mixture of gaiety and sentiment, so very graceful when united; and a third, of the highest order of poetry, which we must quote.

Arminius. W. Mackworth Præd, Esq.
"Back,—back!—he fears not foaming flood
Who fears not steel-clad line!
No offspring this of German blood,—
No brother thou of mine;
Some bastard spawn of menial birth,—
Some bound and bartered slave:
Back,—back!—for thee our native earth
Would be a foreign grave!

Away! be mingled with the rest
Of that thy chosen tribe:
And do the tyrant's high behest,
And earn the robber's bribe;
And win the chain to gird the neck,
The gems to hide the hilt,
And blaze honour's hapless wreck
With all the gauds of guilt.

And would'st thou have me share the prey?
By all that I have done,—
By Varro's bones, which day by day
Are whitening in the sun,—
The region's shatter'd panoply,—
The eagle's broken wing,—
I would not be, for earth and sky,
So loathed and scorned a thing!

Ho! bring me here the wizard, boy,
Of most surpassing skill,
To agonise, and not destroy,—
To palsy, and not kill:
If there be truth in that dread art,
In song, and spell, and charm,
Now let them torture the base heart,
And wither the false arm!

I curse him by our country's gods,
The terrible, the dark,
The scatterers of the Roman rods;
The quellers of the bark!
They fill a cup with bitter wo,
They fill it to the brim;
Where shades of warriors feast below,
That cup shall be for him!

I curse him by the gifts our land
Hath owed to him and Rome,—
The riving axe and burning brand,
Rent forests, blazing home:—
O may he shudder at the thought,
Who triumphs in the sight;
And be his waking terrors wrought
Into fierce dreams by night!

I curse him by the hearts that sigh
In cavern, grove, and glen,—
The sobs of orphan'd infancy,
The tears of aged men:—
When swords are out, and spear and dart
Leave little space for prayer,
No fetter on man's arm and heart
Hangs half so heavy there!

O misery! that such a vow
On such a head should be!
Why comes he not, my brother, now,
To fight or fall with me,—
To be my mate in banquet bowl,
My guard in battle throng,
And worthy of his father's soul,
And of his country's song?

But it is past:—where heroes press,
And spoilers bend the knee,
Arminius is not brotherless,
His brethren are the free!
They come around: one hour, and light
Will fade from tart and tidie;
Then onward, onward to the fight,
With darkness for our guide.

To-night, to-night,—when we shall meet
In combat, face to face,—
There only would Arminius greet
The renegade's embrace;
The canker of Rome's guilt shall be
Upon his Roman name,
And as he lives in slavery,
So shall he die in shame!"

We have now only to say, in addition, that there are some clever things by Delta, and some that deserve mention by Mr. H. Brandreth; that the volume is beautifully ornamented, and bound in purple silk; and that the engravings, though certainly not of first-rate character, are many of them very pretty.

Whitehall; or, the Days of George IV. 12mo. pp. 330. London, 1827. W. Marsh.

THIS is a whimsically planned and generally well-executed *jeu-d'esprit*, abounding in humour and audacity. The conception is a parody on the historical novels, by writing one as if four hundred years hence, in which the personages of the present day figure with as much *expiance* as the characters of four hundred years past figure in the novels of our time. Thus, we have the Duke of Wellington, Lord Goderich, the Duke of Gloucester, Mr. Rogers (not the real Mr. Rogers, but that mock Mr. Rogers who is the prey of newspaper wit), Chief Justice Best, Mr. Croker, Lord Melville, Mr. Coleridge, every body, in short,—wits, poets, authors, statesmen, bishops, boxers, pickpockets, beggarwomen, from blood royal to Ikey Solomons, employed actively in this book, uttering sentiments and performing deeds most opposite to their real characters. Lord Goderich, for instance, the most humane of men, never opens his mouth but to recommend some dreadful piece of tyranny—the Duke of Wellington is undersized and bandy-legged—Mr. Croker talks like a clown—Lord Melville like a bonnet laird; and so on. The ichnography of London is not more correct. An army marches (and what an

army!) through Hyde Park into Stratford-le-Bow; thence, in a continuous line, into the Strand and Soho Square, and down a flight of steps from the latter into the Tower. The Clarendon is an alehouse—Bond-street a boulevard. Our political position is no less authentically described. According to this voracious historian, England was governed in 1827 (we have unaccountably fallen into the idiom of the book), by "a practical despotism, but little less offensive in its operation than the avowed autocracies of St. Petersburg or Byzantium;" and the executive appears to have wholly fallen into the hands of the Admiralty. It must be allowed to be despotic enough, if this work be true; for we have the Duke of Wellington in one place ordering a man to be tortured on the rack and beheaded; and in another, Lord Godrich proposing that a suspected culprit should be torn by wild horses, without trial, because "he looked like a murderer." An account of the state of the country, introduced *par parenthèse* in the description of a masquerade given by the Lord High Constable (the Duke of Wellington) in Apsley House, "which in those days formed the eastern quadrangle of the Tower," will give an idea of the unfortunate situation we happen to be in at present.

"It was wondrous. All that was great and gay of London was there. Brilliant dukes, shining with stars, and glittering with garters; valiant warriors and rich bankers, honoured by innumerable orders; haughty and high-born beauties; resistless wits; luxurious dandies; weighty dowagers; heralds and knights; sewers and seneschals, filled the hall. Wines of the most delicious description, sent from the Cape of Good Hope, or purchased from the wondrous Wright—girl from the great vineyard of Hodges, or the celebrated Thompson and Fearon; and porter, brewed by the immortal Whitbread, flowed in abundance. On every one of the hundred ivory tables, spread with luxurious plates, lights of every curious variety, from tal-low to gas, diffused a tender perfume over the room which they illuminated by their splendour. Every thing was magnificent, in short; yet it was easy to see, by the agitated air of many of the party, that they despaired of the commonwealth. The clariion sound, wafted ever and anon from the left bank of the Thames, fell sadly upon the ear, for it reminded them of the near vicinity of the Irish army which had just conquered Rotherhithe, under the illustrious Sheelanagrig, after an obstinate resistance of its devoted governor, Sir Rufian Donkey. But the duke on this occasion, as on a former one, determined to hide anxiety by the display of mirth. London was, indeed, in a strange situation at that period. It was in a manner besieged, and half of its population was discontented. The grievances of the subject were enormous. The massacre of Manchester had not been inquired into, in spite of the numerous denunciations of the virtuous Hunt. Arrest on mesne process was allowed; and the manner of collecting money by briefs in churches was truly awful. The landlords were so unreasonable as to expect rent for their lands, and the feudholders secured their quarterly dividends with a ruthless avidity. Fourteen extra clerks were employed in the Home Office, though the disinterested Hume, the friend of Greece, pointed out the waste of 79l. 14s. 2d. arising from that circumstance. In the House of Commons the cry of the people was not heard—even Wood was contemptuously coughed down. As for the peers, they had adopted the fatal measure known by the name of sixty-six shillings a quarter, and dismissed

from their bar the ingenious Wakefield to the fortress of Newgate. And yet with all these corroding abominations, the face of things was gay. Every body admitted that the nation was ruined; and yet if you visited their palace-like theatres, to see the tragedies of Shakspeare or Farley, to weep with Liston, or laugh at Wallack, they were full. The opera was crammed—private parties were given in all quarters. Tattersall's was crammed—Crockford's crowded. In fact, every place where money was to be spent, displayed crowds of people, who all could testify to the melancholy fact that there was no money in the country."

It would be endless, however, to give specimens of the whimsical perversions of history and costume continually introduced; and we therefore turn to the story.

Mr. Smithers, a mulatto (son of a missionary, executed by the barbarous orders of the British government, and a sable lady, who, to use his own grandiloquent expressions, "prepared his culinary fare by day, and shared his couch by night;" Africa claimed her birth, and the name by which she was known was Jock)—Mr. Smithers had come to England to claim justice on the murderers of his father. As he was on the top of a Dover coach, coming over Westminster Bridge from the West Indies, on his way to Holmes's Hotel, he makes an indelible impression on the heart of Miss Hawkins, who faints in his arms. Our hero is no less smitten, but on awaking in the morning determines to part from his love to his duty. Having procured a guide, he and his faithful Cesar set out for the friend of the human race, Zebediah Macfarlane; when, having stopped outside the Admiralty to admire the splendid building of that gorgeous pile, they are observed by Commodore Parry, of the Horse Marines, who, knowing that the West Indies is in uproar, thinks it his duty to report them to the Lord High Admiral.

This joke, we think, cannot fail to be successful. The names, sprinkled about as they are with unsparing hand, are generally, indeed in all cases but one or two, handled with the utmost good humour. We must, however, say, that it were as well if those two or three were totally eradicated—the humour of the book would be just as good, and the nature better.

The style, as our readers must have perceived, is easy and flowing; but from several inaccuracies in language, and as many in arrangement—(Jeremy Bentham, for instance, is behended in p. 92, and in p. 185 he is hired by the Duke of Wellington to poison Romero Alpuente)—we suspect it was written with infinite haste. The writer can do better things; and indeed what he has done in this instance can only be gathered from a perusal of his book. The touches are so slight and so innumerable, that it is quite impossible to detach them for a Review that will afford an idea of the character of the performance. Sometimes we are provoked at its absurdities, and the next moment we laugh heartily at the ludicrous and grotesque effect of a Partisan arrow glancing off a well-known personage: for the hits are generally (as we have said) playful rather than mischievous; and even the wounded, we think, must be amused by their own tickling hurts. The name of the author is not given; our guess is, that he is well known as one of the most able and clever writers who figure in the periodical literature of the day, and that he adds three very learned letters (such as LL.D.) to his formal signature.

We see he announces a quiz on the fashion-

able novels, to be called Park Lane, or the Annals of Alvanley. This is tender ground; and we fear that his pen is too slashing to get through it with the requisite delicacy. *Nous verrons.* At all events, the field offers fairly for a like union of broad caricature and drollery as that which is the prominent quality of *Whitehall*.

Emir Malek, Prince of the Assassins: an Historical Novel of the Thirteenth Century. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

PERHAPS no period is better adapted for the romance of the poet, or the invention of the novelist, than that of the Crusades,—the later ones more especially: the first fury of bigotted fanaticism had died away—the rudeness of the earlier ages was softened into chivalric courtesy, when Edward of England gathered almost the last laurels of the Cross in Palestine. Such is the time our author has chosen; and it has lost nothing of its interest in his hands: the gorgeous and the terrible, the beautiful and the devoted, are admirably blent together. The story is in itself very attractive, and well kept up to the end. It is difficult to make such an extract as will give the idea of a connected narrative; but, at all events, the following scene will introduce to our readers a very exquisite heroine.

"Nearly four hours had elapsed from the time at which the service commenced, when the Queen of Cyprus and the Duchesse de Bovines, followed by a glorious company of high-born dames, glowing in all the consciousness of their charms, and of the despotic power which, in that chivalrous age, they were taught to exercise over the actions and pursuits of the sterner sex; these ladies emerged from a small chapel near the sacristy, introducing between them a young and trembling female, veiled from head to foot, but dressed in an attire so covered with jewels, that her delicate, yet finely moulded frame seemed almost to succumb beneath their weight. Her head was surmounted by a golden circlet, and a wreath of the lilies of Judah. Though evidently sinking under the powerful impressions of her native timidity, it was at once discerned that her figure and mien were graceful and impressive. As the ladies passed along towards the altar, all eyes were attracted to the veiled stranger; eager curiosity had taken the place of wearisomeness, and neither feet nor spurs nor iron rings were to be heard. A buzz of admiration, indeed, was involuntarily raised by the noble soldiers, who had just before begun to feel so little at their ease; and it was observed, that the templar, with that degree of license which his brethren are charged with having been always too ready to assume, rose from his stall, and advanced so near the fair convert, that many of the elderly damsels were really apprehensive he would have raised the 'envious veil,' to contemplate her features more conveniently. The patriarch, however, at this juncture approached, and raising the unknown from the kneeling position which she had taken, conducted her to the high altar. There, after certain ceremonials had been performed, and a miraculous picture of Beatrix exhibited and worshipped, the patriarch led his lovely charge to the foot of his throne. Thence he shortly exhorted his congregation; and informed them that it had pleased the Holy Spirit, through the intercession of the blessed Saint Beatrix, to convert to the true faith of Christ the Princess Validah, now,—by adoption of the holy church,—Validah Beatrix; the daughter of Melch, the

late Sultan of Egypt, and the most formidable scourge of Christianity.

"The offices of the day were fast drawing to a conclusion, and the patriarch had already pronounced the third and last formula of recantation which it was necessary for the princess to repeat as her final act of abjuration, when a voice of thunder shouted from the gallery of the church the ominous watchword of the Saracens, 'Allah Bismillah Allah!' A thunderbolt falling among them could scarcely have created more horror than did this insuspicious interruption. It was plain that an infidel and an enemy was among them; and the presence of the king, and above all, the temple of the Saviour, had been insulted and profaned. The knights and nobles unsheathed their swords, spears rattled on the pavement, and shields were hastily snatched down from the canopies of fretted cedar-work on which they had been hung. The ladies thronged around the king, who vainly endeavoured to restore the confidence of his subjects by the placid serenity of his manner, and the sort of incredulity with which he listened to the account his courtiers gave him of the fearful words—that no one had heard much more distinctly, in truth, than himself. The queen and the duchess took refuge behind the patriarch; but the fair Validah, with a spirit more admirable, if possible, than her beauty, and as if it were to mark the fearless singularity of her profession, embracing the crucifix with one lovely arm, and extending the other in an attitude of earnest invocation, repeated the formula in an unflinching and audible tone. Again the fearful voice of the invisible intruder ejaculated, 'Allah Bismillah Allah!' At this repetition, the young De Guyon darted forwards to the centre of the church, his countenance violently agitated, his eyes dilated, his mouth opened, his head inclined in the manner of an alarmed listener, and his whole deportment manifesting equal terror and curiosity. The noble confidence of the princess had done much to restore order and self-possession to every body else, and the patriarch exclaimed, 'It is enough, my child; well hast thou approved thyself a true daughter, though the youngest, of the true faith.' He then pronounced a *benedicite*; and had scarcely quitted the place from which he had so uttered his benediction, when a dagger, thrown by no feeble arm—from the same part of the side gallery, whence the mysterious voice had proceeded—fell exactly between him and Validah. It struck into the altar-floor of sandal wood; and it was not without either indignation or dismay, that the people observed, it yet vibrating, from the force of its impulsion, between their venerated patriarch and the trembling Validah. Her religious enthusiasm, deeply as it was seated in her bosom, was yet powerless quite to repress the constitutional fearfulness of her sex. But hers was not a vulgar soul, and the momentary struggle of her feelings was like that under which the most serene of martyrs may be supposed to contemplate the engines of her destruction. De Blois rushed up to the gallery; and was followed by knights and guards in abundance. Their search was vain. They found neither the person who had flung the weapon, nor any one who had witnessed its descent."

Those who wish to solve the mystery must consult the volume; we will only say it is a very interesting one; and that Emir Malek is altogether one of the best novels of its class.

A Treatise on those Diseases which are either directly or indirectly connected with Indigestion; comprising a Commentary on the principal Ailments of Children. By David Uwins, M.D. 8vo. Pp. 274. London, 1827. Underwoods.

THIS is another publication on indigestion, a subject which, of late years, has obtained much popularity in this country. Were this of the same stamp with many other works of a similar description which have recently issued from the press, we should not hail its appearance with much pleasure. We do not like to see books on dyspepsia a marketable commodity. They but too clearly mark that our national energies are on the decline, and that vapourish sentiment and sickly sensibilities are becoming current among a people whose ancestors were signally distinguished by a sturdy contempt for every thing bordering upon effeminacy of character, whether developed in mind or body. That the disorder, or rather complication of disorders, known by the name of indigestion really exists, we are far from denying, nor would we be slow in appreciating the labours of such medical men as may think proper to apply their talents to the removal of the evil: but we think the disease of much less extent than is generally imagined; and, in the next place, do enter our protest against the utility of a great majority of those publications which pretend to prescribe its corrective. For how stands the case? Some miserable victim of hypochondriasis takes up a book on dyspepsia with all the feverish anxiety of sanguine hope, and finding its precepts incapable of application to his own case, completes the perusal in disappointment, and is overwhelmed with despair; or, building on a fanciful theory or isolated fact, establishes a new regimen for himself, at utter variance with all former habits of life, and, in the end, pernicious to the constitution.

It is with much satisfaction, therefore, we see before us a work which the dyspeptic may consult, not only without injury, but even with considerable advantage. The first part treats of stomacal affections of children as connected with indigestion; the latter is addressed more particularly to those who have attained or passed the prime of life. We are glad to find a man of Dr. Uwins' judgment and experience reprobate the absurdity of either fixing any given quantum of food as an invariable standard, or of starving men out of their disorders. He shews that "the twelve ounces a-day system" may be productive of most calamitous consequences, and relates a curious case in which the patient positively died from the injudicious treatment of his medical attendants in refusing, with the obstinacy of barbarous ignorance, to administer to him that sustenance which every one but themselves saw that nature imperatively demanded. We are convinced that, at least among intelligent men, the present publication will go far to put an end to a theory which manifestly acts in direct opposition to the plainest dictates of nature and common sense. The idea that any system or principle is in medical matters of invariable application, can only emanate from minds of very feeble structure, or unaccustomed to an extensive survey of man, modified as his character and condition are by the thousand changes incidental to a never stationary existence.

Dr. Uwins endeavours to philosophise us out of the first approaches of melancholy; but we believe this moral evil is beyond the physi-

cian's art: in fine, we may say of this volume, that, with sound scientific views, it combines a polished diction, which, to us, of course, is not its least recommendation, and is evidently the production of a discerning as well as classical and accomplished mind.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Romance of History—England. By Henry Neele. 3 vols. post 8vo. London, 1822. E. Bull.

WE can only briefly notice this publication in our present No. The plan is excellent. It consists of a tale, founded either on legendary lore, tradition, or historical fact, for every monarch's reign, from William the Conqueror to Charles the First, inclusive. It necessarily follows that there is great variety both of interest and character. The early monkish superstitions are succeeded by stern chivalry; and chivalry yields in turn the gradual alteration of national manners, as we descend the stream of time, to the latest period. Mr. Neele has bestowed great pains upon his many topics, and displays much ability in his treatment of them. Some of the stories are extremely well written; all of them are honourable to the author's talents.

Ornithologia; or, the Birds: a Poem, in Two Parts, with an Introduction to their Natural History, and copious Notes. By James Jennings. 12mo. pp. 468. 1828. Poole and Edwards.

THIS is, at once, a curious, an instructive, and an amusing work. The meritorious author has put together an immense quantity of information and anecdote respecting birds and their habits, &c.; and his stories are not the less entertaining for being strung together by poetical license. The latter, it is true, is rather of a medley cast; but we can assure our readers, especially those who are young, that they will hardly be able to dip into a page of this volume without meeting with something to entertain and instruct them.

Sketches of the War in Greece, in a Series of Extracts from the Private Correspondence of P. J. Green, Esq. late British Consul for the Morea: with Notes, by L. R. Green, Esq. Vice-Consul, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 328. London, 1827. Hurst and Co.; T. Clere Smith; Bumpus.

THIS work, coming from gentlemen of considerable authority and unquestionable information, gives, we regret to say, a very different view of the Greek contest from that which we have been too well inclined to deem it worthy to doubt, from the ever-active and glowing pencils of Philhellenic writers. We recollect that Sir W. Geil was sadly vilified for depreciating the modern Grecian character; and Messrs. Green need expect no better fate. But while the philosophical mind will be ready to frame many cogent palliatives for the degradation of Greece and its people; it is surely the height of folly to shut our eyes and ears to the unspeakable truth, that such degradation actually exists, and to go on, in a visionary hallucination, to administer aid which, under the real circumstances of the case, can be of no avail. How much better would it be to acknowledge the real state of things, and apply our help in the best possible mode—instead of clinging to a romance, and acting like fools, from excited imagination?

It is not our intention to enter upon the details in this volume; but we refer the public to it, as containing much curious information,

many anecdotes of striking and painful interest, and enabling the impartial reader so to contrast various stories of the same transactions, as to arrive much nearer the truth than heretofore.

An Essay, &c. on Banking. By T. Joplin. 8vo. pp. 199. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy.

A second edition of a very argumentative and instructive work. It is not for us to enter, again, into the wide field of discussion, and we shall rest satisfied with stating, that even those who differ from Mr. Joplin will find much to reflect upon in his pages.

The Past and Present Statistical State of Ireland. By César Moreau, F.R.S.

The diligence with which Mr. Moreau pursues his statistical labours is most praiseworthy, and the results eminently useful. We have here, in distinct tables, a very comprehensive, and we presume, well-authenticated, view of Ireland—that country of moral and political problems, which seems to defy solution. It is not our purpose to extract even the heads of this remarkable document; we can only refer readers to the original, and notice that the population is estimated at 6,801,827 souls, whereof 15,139 are freeholders, registered at 50*l.*; 11,063 registered at 20*l.*; and 184,229 forty-shilling freeholders.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, November 3.

The first instant was a grand day in Paris, *la Fête des Morts*. On this day it is the custom of those who have lost any friends or relations in the course of the year to go to the cemetery, and visit the tombs of those they loved or admired. The cemetery of Père la Chaise was visited by thousands and tens of thousands; many attracted by a holy sense of duty, and others from curiosity. The day was remarkably fine, and the scene was most interesting and affecting. On this day the graves were adorned with fresh shrubs and flowers; the tombs were decorated with festoons and wreaths of flowers, and garlands of the immortal amaranth. Here the widow and the widower, the parent and the child, approached the spot that contained what they loved when living, and respected when no more—muttered a prayer for the blissful repose of the departed, and deposited on the tomb a wreath of immortals. The grave of General Foy was literally covered with garlands; we saw several thrown on the tomb, and were surprised to find the parties were all of the lowest classes of society. The memory of Talma was not unhonoured. The contrast afforded between proximate tombs awoke melancholy sensations. Here was a tomb adorned with shrubs, flowers, wreaths, and garlands—every thing marked a daily care to preserve it neat and elegant. There was a neglected spot, surrounded by a rusty iron railing, rank weeds marked utter neglect—no monumental stone was permitted to tell who slept below; yet there lies “the bravest of the brave.” In a temporary grave repose the remains of the Chevalier Millin, member of the Institute, member of nine-tenths of the learned societies of Europe, keeper of the medals and antiques in the Royal Library, and one of the first antiquaries of his day. M. Millin was not more celebrated for his profound and varied knowledge than for his urbanity. His splendid library was open to the learned, whether professors or students, from all parts of the world. If any foreigner desired literary information, that desire was a passport

to the rich stores of M. Millin's library, and the not less valuable ones of his own mind. Whoever desired information on any literary subject, be his rank what it might, a prince or a peasant, he never addressed M. Millin in vain. His conversations were the rendezvous of the learned from all parts of Europe. His library, where they were held, was justly regarded as the exchange of intellect; and his death was justly deplored as a national, or rather a European loss. He died, leaving behind him a competent private fortune and an immense library, selected with the greatest care and judgment. Can it then be credited that his heirs would not be at the expense of £10 to purchase a grave in perpetuity, or erect the slightest monument to tell the anxious foreigner where the general benefactor of learning reposed? Can it be believed that the Institute has not atoned for the indignity of his family? His grave is as much neglected as if he had counted with the nameless million. The period of five years has elapsed, and tomorrow his bones may be scattered to the winds, to make room for the body of some poor wretch whose family are unable to purchase a perpetual grave. The weeds that cover the turf under which he reposes, cry out shame on his family! shame on his friends! shame on the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres!

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA—(conclusion).

THE stary heavens, as the long nights of winter approach, increase in brilliancy, those constellations coming into notice which were lost in the brightness of the summer's sun. About eight o'clock in the evening, and a little earlier, as the month advances, the following will be the positions of the most remarkable.

The Zodiac.—Gemini rising in the N.E., altitude 3 deg. Pleiades, E. by N. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., altitude 27 deg. Aries and Pisces between the E. and S., altitudes 40 deg. and 50 deg. respectively. Aquarius, S., altitude 30 deg. Capricornus and Sagittarius are between the meridian and S.W. point of the horizon.—*Eastern Hemisphere.*

In the N.E. altitude 70 deg. Cassiopeia, ever memorable as being the constellation in which appeared a large star in the year 1572, which, after continuing visible for fifteen months, gradually disappeared, has not been seen since; its splendour exceeded that of Jupiter, and could be distinguished in the day-time: when it first appeared, it was of a white colour, like Venus, it then assumed a yellowish red, and before it entirely vanished was of a leaden hue: during the whole time of its continuance it held the same position relative to the other stars in Cassiopeia. Perseus E.N.E., altitude 45 deg. remarkable for the brilliant assemblage of stars in his right hand, which affords the most pleasing telescopic object in the heavens. Andromeda, near the zenith: in this constellation is a nebula of a circular form, in the centre of which is the appearance of a star dimly shining, supposed to be the united lustre of a system of fixed stars, similar to that of which our sun and some others form a part; there are two other nebulae in Andromeda, one of which resembles two cones of light joined at their base, which is 15 min. broad, by 40 min. in diameter. Cetus occupies a space in the S.E., 20 deg. altitude.—*Western Hemisphere.*

In the S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., Delphinus, 45 deg. altitude. Antinous, 25 deg. altitude. Aquila, 35 deg. altitude. Cygnus, W. by S., altitude 65 deg.;

the galaxy assumes a great degree of brilliancy about the tail of the Swan. In 1600, Kepler discovered in the breast of the Swan a new star, which he observed during nineteen years: in 1621, it became invisible; it was observed again in 1655, by Cassini—it then appeared of the third magnitude; it is classed at present as one of the sixth. Lyra in the W., altitude 47 deg., easily known by its bright star Vega; there are two double stars, and one quadruple, in this constellation. Hercules, W. by N., altitude 30 deg. Ursa minor, N.N.W., altitude 45 deg. Ursa Major, N., altitude 20 deg.

Many interesting particulars relative to the constellations are to be gathered from Jameson's Celestial Atlas; but the most complete artificial view of the stary heavens that perhaps was ever published, is to be seen in Addison's three feet celestial globes, which, for distinctness and accuracy, surpass every other.

Deptford.

J. T. B.

DURABLE TRANSPARENT WRITING ON GLASS.

AMONG our new and useful inventions, Mr. J. Hudson, of Cheapside, has called our notice to the above; of which a specimen lies before us. The appearance is that of ground-glass, with the inscription, figure, or any other object (desired to be made visible), of a silvery transparency. It is very distinct, both by daylight and artificial light; and, we are convinced, may be most advantageously employed in many ways, both of private ornament and public utility. We have now steppe-clocks illuminated by gas (a desirable improvement, which makes the hour visible during the period when it is often most wanted to be ascertained); and by the same process our streets are so brilliantly lighted, that we can now see our way through them, instead of only seeing the darkness, as was the case with the former glimmering lamps, under the shadows of which the fittest spots for committing robberies were to be found. But in addition to this, it would no doubt be very beneficial to the community, if the glass of every lamp were legibly and ineffaceably impressed with the name of the street in which it shone, the parish in which it was situated (if in the country), the name of turnpike-gate, town, or village (if on the road); and, in short, with any such information as passers-by and travellers so much require for their guidance. To these purposes, Mr. Hudson's invention seems to us to be eminently applicable, and we strongly recommend it to the consideration of active persons in police, parochial, and other trust authority. A very few simple and easy regulations throughout the country would add immensely to the general convenience; and it is extraordinary, in the state of civilisation at which we have arrived, that they should not have been, long since, universally adopted and enforced. Why, for instance, should not the name of every place through which he goes be obviously exhibited to the view of the wayfarer? why should there be a cross-road in Great Britain without its directing post? why should there be a milestone deficient upon any line? These are but trifling matters in themselves; but if the daily and hourly mass of disappointments, vexations, and losses, to which the want of them leads, were brought into estimate, the country might be ashamed of its carelessness and folly. What could we expect among rude nations, when the rich, and refined, and intelligent inhabitants of Great Britain allow such evils to continue, while the least exertion of sense and application would

remedy them? To return to Mr. Hudson's glass, (should its price be moderate,) we think it might be used in many cases of domestic embellishment and economy with the best effect.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Hall's New General Atlas. Part I. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

This design is announced to consist of "fifty-one maps, with the divisions and boundaries carefully coloured, constructed entirely from new drawings, and engraved by Sidney Hall." The whole will be comprised in seventeen monthly parts, at half-a-guinea each, and the first is now before us, containing France, Russia, and Hindoostan. That the improved and improving state of geography in general renders a work of this kind not only a desideratum, but absolutely an indispensable requisite for the knowledge of that science, has been felt for years: we have therefore only to deliver our opinion upon the execution of this Atlas. And it seems to us to be nearly as perfect as its size and character can admit. Great care appears to be taken in laying down places, the course of rivers, boundaries, mountains, seas, and all the ingredients of chorography. The maps are clearly, plainly, and beautifully engraved; neither too thick with inscriptions, nor too dark with the common geographical emblems, which confuse the eye, and often hide what the inquirer is looking for. The scales of measurement for distances are also adapted both to the English mile and the mode of the country, whatever it may be, league, werst, cosse, or gaus. The coloured divisions are sufficient, without loading the plan. In short, instead of the obscurity and perplexity which have disfigured too many productions of this class, we have, here, great facility of inspection, all the information necessary, and the eye both guided and pleased by the neatness and distinctness of the style which Mr. Hall has, with so much judgment and discrimination, employed. The Atlas, if finished in the same manner, cannot fail to be universally useful and popular.

A Tabular View of Volcanic Phenomena, &c. By Charles Daubeny, M.D., &c. Oxford, J. Vincent; London, W. Phillips.

We have chosen, not inappropriately, the 5th of November, Guy Faux's day, on which to write our notice of this volcanic sheet. The majority of our readers must be acquainted with the tabular views of history, of rivers, of mountains, &c. which have been published within the last few years, and which impress upon the mind, at a single glance, a great deal of useful knowledge. The present publication is of the same description, and exhibits pictorially all the volcanoes of the world, from the lofty Chimborazo to the pigmy pastille-looking Etna. The text, well arranged in compartments, not only defines these burning mountains and molehills, but gives an account of all the principal earthquakes which are recorded.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, NOV. 3.—The Seatonian prize for the present year was yesterday adjudged to the Rev. Edward Smedley, M.A., of Sidney College.—Subject: *The Marriage at Cana in Galilee.*

* Apropos of such matters: the new mode of painting blinds in imitation of ancient architecture, in landscapes, or in compositions with figures, &c. has a very handsome appearance. The windows on staircases, in lobbies, in studies and libraries, and indeed every where, may thus be made highly ornamental. We have lately seen some beautiful works of this kind, executed by Mr. Clowes, of Knightsbridge.

OXFORD, NOV. 3.—On Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. H. H. Knight, Michel Fellow of Queen's College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. R. Maude, T. G. Leigh, Brasenose College; Rev. J. T. Mansel, Student of Christ Church; Rev. T. Hope, A. Grenfell, Scholar, University College; Rev. F. C. Steel, Scholar, Jesus College; Rev. J. P. Symonds, Exeter College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. T. Bridges, Wadham College, Grand Compounder; R. J. Statham, Exhibitioner of C. C. College; C. Scott, W. Bannerman, Brasenose College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

It is stated in the newspapers, that Mr. Davies Gilbert has been elected President of the Royal Society, in the room of Sir Humphrey Davy. Mr. Gilbert is a gentleman of very great scientific attainments: he has but to add the liberal man of the world, assemble around him the intelligent of all nations, and promote the collision of literary and ingenious persons, to be very worthy of this high station. For the benefit of science and of the country, it is not sufficient that the head of such an institution should be merely an able mathematician or profound philosopher: he ought also to possess a certain rank, with a fortune, and inclination to incur considerable expense for the encouragement of meritorious inventions, and the promotion of useful discoveries. Without such qualifications, the chair of this Royal Institution sinks into obscurity; and the Society itself becomes not only comparatively, but almost absolutely, inefficient for any good purpose. "They manage these matters better in France."

Yet though we venture, with due deference, to throw out these hints at the moment of a new appointment, we trust it will not be imagined that we mean to express by anticipation any doubts of the Elect-President's conduct. Mr. Gilbert is a member of parliament, of the highest respectability, of (as we understand) large fortune, and of (as we know from circumstances which have come to our ears) a very generous turn of mind. But individuals, devoted as he has been to literary pursuits and scientific inquiries, are almost always of retired habits, and love calm and quietude: it will be his duty, perhaps, to do some violence to his feelings in these respects, and occasionally endure the inconveniences of mixed companies, and rather crowded meetings.

Since writing these remarks (which we do not expunge, because, whoever may now or hereafter fill the President's chair, they are applicable to the subject), we are informed that Mr. Gilbert's election is at present only provisional, for a fortnight. It is stated to us, that he has expressed his readiness to expend some thousands of pounds (report says ten) per annum, to promote the objects of the Royal Society; but at the same time declared his inaptitude to undergo the personal fatigue of keeping open house, as it were, for that purpose. In consequence of this, the eyes of the Society have been turned to Mr. Peel; and he, we understand, is not unwilling to take the chair, and to open his noble residence, at stated periods, for such assemblages as the office renders expedient. But Mr. Peel has added, that he will neither go through any canvass, nor contest any opposition; so that if the presidency is not unanimously offered to him, he will decline it. We presume to anticipate, from what we hear, that this eminent individual will be elected: certainly he is most eligible for it, by fortune, station, and endowments.

Changes are also about to take place in other

branches of the Society. Both the secretaries have resigned; Mr. Children, we regret to say, on the score of ill health; and Mr. Herschell, in order that he may devote himself to complete his father's, and pursue his own, astronomical discoveries. Three candidates have started for the vacant places, all men of eminent scientific attainments; namely, Dr. Roget, Captain Sabine, and Mr. Faraday. The choice is truly difficult, when there are such competitors.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

The first council and ordinary meeting for the season were held at the Society's chambers, in Parliament Street, on Wednesday afternoon; and both were numerous attended. The Rev. Archdeacon Nares in the chair. In the routine of business several new members were admitted, and several more ballotted for, and proposed for ballot. A valuable collection of books, presented to the library of the Society, by various donors, was received, and thanks voted. The paper read was from the pen of Mr. Malthus; and the chairman intimated a hope that the members, generally, would consider the contribution of papers a duty which would be grateful and acceptable. We have no doubt but the expression of this wish will be productive of many able essays; for the Society comprehends a vast store of learning and intelligence, and seems to be proceeding with a degree of spirit and energy rarely found in public associations.

SOCIETY OF ARTS, &c.

ON Wednesday evening this Society commenced its meetings for the season, W. Tooke, Esq. in the chair. The business of the vacation was brought up; books, models, and other donations, acknowledged; claims and inventions referred to the usual committees; and new members proposed. Among the latter were several noblemen, including, according to the newspaper account, "Lady Turnout"! As the process by which ladies are converted into noblemen must be one of the most curious novelties and recent discoveries in the mechanical or fine arts, we shall endeavour to obtain the secretary's report, or (if by patent, as noblemen often are created,) the specifications, for our next number.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Passes of the Alps. By W. Brockedon. No. IV. Rodwell; Arch; Carpenter and Son; Colnaghi and Son; Walther; F. G. Moon. London, 1827.

THE almost daily observation of the best productions of the Fine Arts, which it is our good fortune to have to make in the line of our critical duty, renders that perhaps more obviously perceptible to us, which is and ought to be a subject of very general satisfaction: we allude to the marked and decided superiority at which they have arrived in this country, and in no other branch more distinctly than in the branch of engraving.* Among the prominent instances

* This remark gathers great additional weight by the appearance of *The Kespauke*,—an annual, of some of whose embellishments we spoke several weeks since. We have now the large paper India proofs, and an entire copy of the work before us; and though we refrain from reviewing them, at the request of the Editor (till next Sunday, on the eve of their publication), we take the occasion to say, that nothing in the style of art, within the small compass of a few inches, ever struck us as so exquisitely beautiful and perfect as the engravings, particularly those by C. Heath and William Finlen. We do not exaggerate when we say that we consider several of the plates as being singly worth the price of the volume—a guinea a-piece!

of this class, we reckon Mr. Brockedon's beautiful work, of which the fourth Number, containing the Pass of Mount Saint Gothard, has just appeared. The plates are,—1. The Devil's Bridge (engraved by E. Finden), a charming picture of a wild scene, which it has heretofore been the fashion, with most travelling artists, to exaggerate most hypothetically. 2. Belliniana, from Sementina, a delicious pastoral scene (by the same hand),—foreground and distance are equally interesting. 3. Ponte Tremola, a vivid sketch of ruder aspect (engraved by J. C. Varrall). 4. Airole (R. Brandard), a fine mountainous distance. 5. The Summit of the Pass of Saint Gothard (T. Willmore). 6. Valley of the Reuss (T. Jeavons), not dissimilar in general character. 7. Tell's Chapel, from the Lake of Uri (E. Finden), a most exquisite view, interesting from its subject, and not less so from the admirable composition of the painter, and execution of the engraver: the water and the boat are replete with nature, life, and effect. 8. Tell's Tower, Altorf (by the same), and as spirited as can be imagined. An excellent map of the route from the Lago Maggiore to Altorf, completes the embellishments of this Number, of which we have again to express our warmest admiration. The narrative, from the pen of Mr. Brockedon, is also entitled to great praise. It is no dry itinerary—no mere catalogue to the plates; but an extremely interesting and entertaining description of the country; written with much taste, and furnishing such information as would recommend an unadorned tour to much popularity: combining, as it does, the beauties of art with the intelligence of literature, we are not surprised at the distinguished success which has attended this publication.

Views of Windsor Castle and its adjoining Scenery. Drawn from Nature, and on Stone. By W. Gauci. London, 1827. Engelmann and Co.

THE skilful, judicious, splendid, and solid improvements which have been made in restoring, or rather remodelling Windsor Castle, for a royal residence, by Mr. Wyattville, have rendered it an object of new national interest; and we rejoice to see a work of art calculated to make the alterations known in every corner of the kingdom. Mr. Gauci has here (in No. I.) given us six views of the subject, and six more are to complete his design. They are extremely well chosen, and very prettily executed. Lithography is, indeed, well adapted to things of this kind; and these delineations of building, wood, water, and general landscape, are very favourable, and very cheap specimens of that process.

The Golden Gift: for the Scrap-Book and Album: printed in Gold. No. I. W. B. Cooke.

THIS beautiful publication follows Pinelli's *Views in Rome*, and is intended to include a select and pleasing variety of subjects, equally suited to adorn the treasures of the curious, as to form embellishments of the album.

The present Number contains select Vases from the Antique, executed from the most beautiful specimens in the British Museum, Louvre, Warwick Castle, and other choice collections. These are engraved by Mr. H. Moses, and exhibit at once examples of the highest character for taste and elegance, as well as proofs of the ability of the artist in a careful and efficient style of execution. We may, with great truth, congratulate the publisher, not only on the excellence of his work, but also on the name under

which it appears. *The Golden Gift* bears out its title; and with the golden views and prospects before him, he may very fairly count on a golden harvest for the skill and talent displayed in this, as well as in every publication he has brought before the public. In the six vases of which this Number consists, the new art of printing in gold is carried to perfection.

Views in the Madeiras, executed on Stone. By Messrs. Westall, Nicholson, Harding, Nash, Villeneuve, Gauci, &c. &c.; after Drawings from Nature by the Rev. James Bulwer, M.A. F.L.S. &c. London, 1827. Rivington; Carpenter and Son; Engelmann and Co.; Dublin, Hodges and M'Arthur; Paris and Mulhausen, Engelmann and Co.

THE beauties of the island of Madeira are by no means so universally known as the flavour of its wine; and therefore are not so highly appreciated as they deserve to be, and as this publication will tend to make them. Consisting of twenty-six interesting and picturesque subjects, admirably drawn and engraved, it gives us a very complete idea of the form of the island, and of its principal interior and coast attractions for the eye of taste. In short, we may say, that it places the chief towns, the most remarkable buildings, the finest scenery, rocks, mountains, waterfalls,—the costume of the inhabitants, and every object of curiosity, so vividly before us, that with a snug pint (or bottle) of the vintage at our elbow, we may fancy we are at Madeira, by our own firesides. The style of the whole is only varied in excellence. A brief description of every plate adds much to the acceptability of this handsome work.

European Scenery. No. III. (Italy, No. I.)

On Stone. By Gauci. Engelmann, &c. THIS Number is an improvement upon the two preceding. Its four subjects, on one sheet, are, San Cosimato, the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina at Rome, the Rialto at Venice, and Marano. They are all ably represented, and do great credit to the artist.

THE LATE PAUL SANDBY, R.A.

WE are sure that what we are about to advertise the lovers of the fine arts will lead many of them to a treat of no common occurrence. The choice remains of the late Paul Sandby's works and collection, consisting of drawings, paintings, models, and prints, are to be brought to the hammer next week, at the rooms of Mr. Stanley, in Bond Street. We speak from personal knowledge of most of the articles, and are aware they must excite the attention both of the artist and amateur, from the known character for taste and talent of their late ingenious proprietor. They are to be exhibited on (we believe) Monday and Tuesday; and many of them are rare and curious.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

POPULAR CUSTOMS, &c. IN FRANCE.

NO. V.

Marriage Ceremonies in the Arrondissement of Remiremont, in the department of the Vosges, &c. &c.

ON the day fixed upon to perform the ceremony of marriage, the young persons invited to the wedding meet together at the bridegroom's house, and are conducted by him and his father to the bride's residence. No pistols or guns must be fired at present, as this would be only presumptuous, in shewing signs of joy before they were sure of obtaining the object of their pursuit. They arrive at the bride's

house in the following order: first, the father of the bridegroom; next, the bride's man; and lastly, the young people invited to the wedding. The father of the young man asks the father of the young girl, who is very busy at her spinning-wheel, and in her common, working dress, if he will permit his daughter to be at the feast, and come with them to the mass. He answers that he is extremely sensible of their kindness and politeness, and that he gives his free consent.

The young girls who have met together at the bride's house, are now, together with the young men, eager to find her shoes. The shoes being found, the girls take her away; and while they are occupied in dressing her, the parents, ranged in a circle round the fire-place, speak the praises of the future couple. Flattery never enters into these discourses, and they are never prodigal of their eulogies, being fully persuaded that we laud only without measure such persons as are without modesty. The bridegroom is an excellent farmer, and a good *marcoire* (maker of cheese); he takes great care of the meadows and the cattle, guides the plough with force and address, and no one is a more expert thresher, or can drive better bargains. The bride is modest, chaste, and beautiful; she is a good workwoman with her distaff; she attends the cows, churns the butter, takes care of the family, and of her father and mother, whose infirmities she alleviates by her kindness and good temper. During this colloquy, which is always expressed with the greatest frankness, the young girls, whose presence is no longer required with the bride, go and seek among the young men for partners or conductors, and tie ribbons and sprigs of laurel to the button-hole of the coat of the favoured youth whom they have selected to accompany them.

The bride's toilette being finished, all the young girls assemble at the *poêle*, and the young men remain in the kitchen: the bridegroom's father then advances, and says to the father of the bride, "At length the promises of marriage are made between N., my son, and N., your daughter, and I come to demand her in the name of N., now present, who would make a good and honest wife of her."

The Bride's Father.—The honourable way in which you have come to me induces me not to refuse her; but before I give her up, permit me to ask you whether you will lead her?

The Bridegroom's Father.—To Cleuric!

The Bride's Father.—But are not the roads leading to this village in a very bad state?

The Bridegroom's Father.—I assure you that the sides of the road are carpeted with the freshest turf.

The Bride's Father.—I ought, however, to tell you, that the person whom you demand is mistress of my house and family, and for this reason I cannot part with her but upon one condition.

The Bridegroom's Father.—What is that?

The Bride's Father.—That you should find me another housekeeper; being, as it were, a lone man, and if my daughter were taken from me, my family would soon go to ruin.

The Bridegroom's Father.—I agree with you on the subject of your loss; but when a young girl is arrived at a certain age, it is time that she should look out for herself: the picture of a young couple who love one another is more pleasing in the eyes of God than that of a person devoted to celibacy.

The Bride's Father.—Well, since you will

* A portable canopy carried over the bride and bridegroom.

have it so, the person whom you ask for is just now in our garden, showing her friends how to rear some roses; if she is not too busy I will bring her to you.

At length he takes the bride's-maid by the hand, and conducts her to the bridegroom's father, to whom he says, I have not been long in bringing you the damsel whom you desired.

The Bridegroom's Father.—Really, she is very pretty, and she seems to enjoy excellent health; but she is not the damsel I am looking for.

The Bride's Father, presenting him with another Lady.—I have had another search in our garden, and I hope this time I shall not be deceived.

The Bridegroom's Father.—I am concerned to tell you that it is not she whom you have done me the pleasure to present to me; but as I think her as prudent as she is handsome, I consider her worthy of a good husband, and I have no doubt she will soon find one who will make her happy.

If the bride's godfather officiates instead of her father, he goes and finds his daughter or one of his nearest female relatives, and says to the bridegroom's father, on presenting her, "Here is one who I think is not exactly the person you want; but she is an excellent workwoman, and you can probably get her a situation with some of your friends."

The Bridegroom's Father.—All the young girls whom you have presented to me appear to me to possess the most excellent qualities; not one of them I think will make her husband unhappy, or set a bad example to her daughters; but I have not yet seen the lady upon whom N. has fixed his heart; and if you will allow me, I will go into the garden myself, and I have no doubt I shall very soon find her.

The Bride's Father.—I will not give you this trouble, but you see that there are in our garden flowers of every colour and of every scent; the handsomest are not those which prefer the least, coolness and shade. Approaching towards the young bride, who is distinguished from the others by her black dress, her broad sash of silver-flowered riband, the crown placed at the back of her cap, and by the kerchief which she holds in her hand, he says, "Here is one who by the mildness of her character, her virtue, and her piety, must be she of whom you are in search."

The Bridegroom's Father.—Yes, she is the girl; my wish is accomplished. The bride's father now hastens to make some moral discourse to his daughter, in which, after having pointed out the sanctity of the marriage state, he paints the duties of a wife and mother, and presents her with that useful domestic bird a hen, as an example.

Holding his daughter by the hand, and presenting her to the father of the bridegroom, he says, "And you, my ancient friend, since you have promised your son that she shall be a good wife to him, and a good mother to his children, we are still more closely bound in the ties of friendship." The bridegroom's father says, on giving the bride to his son, "I give you this companion, in the hope that you will fulfil the duties of a good husband."

The bride and all the company now fall on their knees to receive the paternal benediction, which is always preceded by a very affecting discourse; the following are a few sentences collected during the intervals of the sobbing and crying of the young couple and the friends invited to the wedding:—

"My children, (it is the bride's father who speaks,) I beg of you, in the name of all that

affection which my heart bears towards you, always to love one another.

"Nothing is more agreeable than a fine spring or a fruitful harvest, if we except the spectacle of a man and wife who live in harmony together.

"You, doubtless, have faults; it is impossible that you should be without them; but you may give proofs of reciprocal kindness in forgetting them, or reproving one another with mildness.

"My dear friends, think sometimes of the pleasure you will have in hearing the grateful benediction of some unfortunate creature against whom you have neither shut your door, your hand, nor your heart.

"If you have but little, hasten to divide it with the poor and needy; you cannot make an offering to the Creator more worthy of him.

"My good friends, think sometimes that life is but a journey, and that God has granted us virtue as the best companion we can have on the road.

"If Heaven bless you with children, teach them early to love their God; and never forget to impress upon their minds that the ungrateful person is like the mountain of sand at Tholy (a neighbouring village), which swallows up, with eagerness, the beneficent rains of heaven."

This discourse being finished, the bride's father bestows the paternal benediction, and all the persons invited to the wedding proceed to the church.

In the commune of Bresse, arrondissement of Remisemont, the young girls conduct the bride, eight days before the celebration of her marriage, to the altar of the Holy Virgin, and there sing psalms; but this favour is only granted to her who has enjoyed a reputation without blemish.

In the same commune, on the evening before the wedding, the mother and the god-mother, and, in default of these, the two nearest female relatives, go to attend the cart which carries the effects of the bride; they safely deposit them at the house of the bridegroom, where they also prepare the nuptial bed. This evening is terminated by a repast, at which the bride is not present, as she stays to keep her father's house; her lover goes to sup with her, and brings her a plate of rice-milk.

To return to the wedding procession, which was formerly preceded by a white hen, though now, since this custom has been left off, the musicians lead the way; then follow the new-married couple and the youths, holding their mistresses by the hands, and not forgetting to *goder*, that is, to cry out and fire as many pistols as they can, and as near the bride as possible; because (say they) this mode of sharing their joy is agreeable to her, and she would not think herself well married if some powder were not expended at the wedding: the old folks close the procession.

Another custom is deserving of notice. When the priest has blessed the wedding-

A similar practice is mentioned as occurring at Highland weddings, by Mr. Grant, in his *Superstitions of the Highlanders*, p. 271. "Repeated volleys of musketry summon the guests to the wedding. . . . At the time appointed, the bridegroom selects a party of young men, who are despatched to summon the bride and her party to the marriage ceremony. Their approach is announced by showers of musketry opened upon them by some of the bride's-men, and returned, most of them being furnished with pistols. . . . Marching to the sound of the inspiring bag-pipe, and the discharge of firearms, the bride's party proceed to the place appointed for the marriage. . . . Both parties now mingled together, proceed with multitudinous joviality towards the bridegroom's, the scene of the future festivities of the night. A volley of fire-arms announces their arrival."

ring, the sister of the bridegroom, or one of her intimate friends, takes it from his hand, passes a black riband through it, and ties it in a large bow to the finger of the bride. "I give you this ring," says she, "in the name of my brother: remember, my sister, that you owe him both love and constancy;" and the bride wears this riband till the first Sunday after the celebration of the marriage. They attach to this custom, which is very ancient, the idea of the indissolubility of marriage. The ring received by the bride is of silver, with two crowned hearts, and is a pledge of the affection of her husband. Among the ancients the ring was borne as a mark of authority. The black riband announces, by its colour, that the bride is now estranged from the frivolities of youth, and that her occupations become more sedate, and more worthy of her new condition: the image of pleasure ought to disappear before that of duty. Whichever of the new-married couple rises first after the nuptial benediction, will, it is considered, have the rule in the house. The young bride seldom fails to gain this privilege.

The religious ceremony being finished, the young bride, on leaving the church, tries to return to her father's house; but the young men, who are watching near the spot, prevent the possibility of her reaching it. Sometimes she causes her guards to be at fault; again overtaken, she again escapes, and finishes her race at the door of her husband's house, where she receives a fresh paternal benediction from her new parents. If the bride succeeded in returning to her own father's house, the company could not sit down to dinner till she was brought back.

DRAMA.

At Drury Lane, Miss Foote is the only fresh novelty of the week. On Tuesday she appeared in the character of *Letitia Hardy*, for which she has not adequate talent or power; and the comedy suffered, accordingly, in its brilliancy.

On Saturday, at Covent Garden, was produced a musical drama, called *Alfred the Great*. It owes its origin to a drama by O'Keefe, and some of its dialogue to the same source; but the remodification is Mr. Pocock's. The story of Alfred at the Neatherds, when the Danes had conquered the Saxons, is so well known, from the nursery to the library, that we need not re-tale it here. Suffice it to say, that it is cleverly dramatised, and excellently acted. Fawcett in *Gog*, the neatherd, is incomparable; but the piece altogether is strongly cast, uniting the abilities of Warde, Serle, Blanchard, Durset, Isaacs, Bland, Tinney, Miss Kelly, Mrs. Davenport, Miss Goward, &c. &c. The scenery, by the Grieves, is superb: one scene, in particular, of the castle on the height, was never surpassed on the stage, and is a most beautiful picture. The music, by Mr. Lee, is pleasing; and the first two choruses, especially, deserve much praise.

Miss Hughes has appeared, several times, in the part of *Reiza*, in *Weber's Oberon*, and amply confirmed the public opinion of her high gifts as an English singer. We have no hesitation in predicting, that, when her style shall have been perfected by cultivation, she has powers to make herself one of the greatest musical ornaments of the British stage and concert-room.

At the Adelphi Theatre a lively entertainment has been produced, called *Franks and Folies*. It diversifies the more showy spectacles, and relieves the horrors of the murder-melodrame.

At the Surrey, pleasant operas, at the head of which Miss Gradson shines; and pieces in which young Burke figures to the admiration of the natives, have a successful run. The Colours continues to exhibit its phenomenon Roccus, the American boy, Smith; and the Olympic is open, with various amusements.

THE Viscount de Rochefaucauld has presented Miss Smithson with two splendid vases of Sevres porcelain, which are understood to have been given by the Duchess of Berri, her royal highness wishing to testify her high satisfaction at the performance of *Jane Shore*, in this delicate manner. The utmost harmony reigns between the English and French performers, and the good does not rest here: from so slight and incidental a cause, as we may call it, the mutual good-will between the two nations is very much strengthened, and the English company has done a great deal in destroying national prejudices.

This feeling is carried into other departments of national rivalry. The pictures of the English school, which artists have sent over, have excellent places assigned them, so that they may have all the advantages of position. We wish England would imitate French liberality in this respect, and, no doubt, it will; for John Bull, though with a rougher exterior, and less plant in his manners, is sound and just at the core, and does not like to be outdone in either liberality or generosity.—*Our Paris Letter.*

VARIETIES.

Royal Straw.—Formerly when the kings of France quitted Paris to reside elsewhere, the straw of their beds and their chamber belonged to the poor of the hospital Hôtel-Dieu. This anecdote proves that former kings of France were no better bedded than felons in the dungeons of our days.

The author of *Virginius* (Mr. Knowles) has, we hear, written a tragedy entitled *Alfred*, for Drury Lane Theatre; the principal character to be sustained by that admirable performer Macready.

There is some talk of a French Theatre at the English Opera House during the ensuing winter season.

Iron.—It is a singular fact, that the value of the iron annually produced in England greatly exceeds the value of the silver annually produced in Peru.

Births.—There is no stronger proof that while the number of inhabitants in a country can never exceed the means of existence, that number is perpetually touching upon the limit of those means, than is furnished by a comparison of the number of births which occurred in Prussia in the year 1708 and in the year 1711. It is well known that in the years 1709 and 1710, there was a frightful plague in Prussia, which destroyed 247,733 persons, out of a population of 570,000. After the plague, therefore, there remained only 322,267. Now, in 1708, the year preceding the plague, there were only 26,896 births; while in 1711, the year following the plague, in a population diminished by a third, there were 32,522 births. In 1708, before the plague, the proportion of the births to the population was as 1 to 21 $\frac{1}{2}$; in 1711, after the plague, the proportion of the births to the population was as 1 to 9 $\frac{1}{2}$! Since the prolongation of human life, (which the substitution of linen for woollen, as a covering for the skin, the better airing of houses, the greater attention to cleanliness, the improvement in

the art of healing, the introduction of inoculation, and, more recently, of vaccination, &c. have occasioned,) the number of births in proportion to the population of the various countries of Europe has considerably diminished. But a few years ago, the annual average was as 1 to 26; it is now only as 1 to 33.—*Foreign Journal.*

ODDS AND ENDS.

"A thing of shreds and patches."

Collected entirely from foreign sources: to be continued occasionally.

Good Wine needs no bush.—Commentators have been sadly puzzled to find out the meaning of this proverb, which a residence in France during an autumn would easily have solved. In the departments where the vine is cultivated, the peasant sells its vintage; and as a sign, a green bush is stuck in the wall over the door: this is a regulation of the police; and as long as the peasant has any wine to sell, so long must the bush remain. If one has made better wine than another, the news is soon spread abroad amongst the toppers, and hence the proverb, *good wine needs no bush.*

Breaking on the Wheel.—It is generally supposed that the punishment of breaking on the wheel was first used during the reign of Francis I., but it was known as early as the time of the barbarous Queen Tredegonde, and, horrible to relate, applied to the sex. She had several females, and some of high rank, broken on the wheel, under the accusation of magic.

Caning the Clergy.—The thirty articles of a capitulary of Pepin le Bref ordains that the bastinado should be applied to any ecclesiastic, or monk, who complained to the court of his bishop or his abbot.

Amenable Judges.—Under the Salique law, a judge who had given an iniquitous judgment was obliged to fight a duel with the party wronged, if the latter chose to challenge him; and the law therefore ordained that a judge, on giving sentence, should put his buckler on his arm.

Backgammon Boards.—We frequently find backgammon boards with backs lettered as if they were two folio volumes. The origin of it was this: Eudes, bishop of Sully, forbade his clergy to play at chess. As they were resolved not to obey the commandment, and yet dared not have a chess-board seen in their houses or cloisters, they had them bound and lettered as books, and played at night, before they went to bed, instead of reading the New Testament or the Lives of the Saints; and the monks called the draft or chess-board their wooden gospels. They also had drinking-vessels bound to resemble the breviary, and were found drinking, when it was supposed they were at prayer.

Religious Persecution.—The English ambassador demanded of Louis XIV. the liberation of the Protestants who had been condemned to the galleys on account of their religion "What would the King of Great Britain say, if I asked him to liberate the prisoners in Newgate?" "Sire," replied the ambassador, "the king, my master, would grant your majesty's request if you reclaimed them as your brethren."

A Polish Lent.—Formerly, those who transgressed the strict observation of lent in Poland were condemned to have their teeth extracted. They might buy permission to eat meat at that period; but if they did not pay the price exacted for the privilege, they were deprived of the power of mastication in this world and the next;—so, at least, said the priests.

Divorces.—Amongst the legal formulæ of Marculphus, collected in the seventh century, we

find the following form of a divorce:—The husband and wife, M. and N., seeing that discord troubles their marriage, and that charity does not reign in their union, have agreed to separate and leave each other the liberty they regret, in order that they may either retire to a monastery, or remarry at their pleasure, without either party finding amiss what the other does, or opposing it, on pain of the fine of a golden livre.

The Executioner and the Monks.—The Abbot of St. Germain was bound to send yearly a present of a pig's head to the hangman, which a monk was obliged to carry him upon his own. This *rent* was paid yearly at the feast of St. Vincent, the patron of the Benedictines. On that day the hangman took precedence in the processions of the monks.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Feast of Freedom; or, the Abolition of Domestic Slavery in Ceylon; with the vocal parts adapted to music by Charles Wesley, Esq., and several unpublished little pieces by Hannah More, is announced;—and it is stated that if any profits should arise from the publication, they are to be given to the appointed Irish Scripture Readers and the Irish Tract Society.

Mr. Aspin is preparing a second part of Urania's Mirror, containing Representations of the Planets, with Descriptions and an Apparatus forming a substitute for an Orrery. The whole fitted up in an ornamental box.

Among the other annual volumes, we are called on to notice the Literary Pocket-Book for 1808, which will soon appear. This work, the great usefulness of which has so often been felt by literary men, artists, musical professors, and lovers of literature and the arts, and which includes in its pages a variety of intelligence connected with those subjects, to be found in no other publication, contains, for the year ensuing, the usual diary for memoranda and appointments, together with lists of living authors, painters, sculptors, architects, musical composers and performers, teachers of languages, &c. &c. Also, original contributions by eminent writers of the day; among which are the Seasons, by a Man of Taste—Confessions of a Small Poet—Remonstrance of a Ghost—Epistle to Mr. C.—K.—d—Sayings of a Man about Town, &c. &c. The Literary Pocket-Book is edited by Mr. Charles Ollier, the publisher of the former Numbers.

Proposals have appeared for establishing a Scientific and Literary Institution, for the populous parish of Mary-le-bone. The plan embraces a central part of the parish, as may be afterwards considered most eligible for such a purpose; a well-regulated library of reference, the best of the new publications, and the principal Foreign and English journals—literary and scientific—an admission fee, and an annual subscription; the choice of members to be conducted on principles of careful selection; courses of lectures to be delivered on popular branches of literature and science; readings from French, Italian, Spanish, and German literature, with lectures on those languages by foreigners of eminence. The management of the Institution to devolve upon a committee, to be chosen annually, assisted by a librarian, secretary, and treasurer. When fifty names shall have been received at Mr. Goodhugh's library in Oxford-street, further measures are to be taken.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Hall's New General Atlas, Part I. 10s. 6d. on elephant paper; India proofs, 12s.—Sylvia; or, the May Queen, fcp. 7s. 6d.—Views of Windsor Castle, No. 1. 8s.—India, 12s.—Hood's Whims and Oddities, Vol. II. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Whitehall; or, the Days of George IV., post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Boyle Farm, fcp. 2s. 6d.—Gentle's LECTURE, by Gibbs, 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Green's War in Greece, 8vo. 9s. 6d.—Shakespeare, 6 vols. 32mo. 12s. 6d.—Edmonds' Political Economy, 8vo. 9s.—Tale of a Modern Genius, 3 vols. 12mo. 12s. 6d.—Parliamentary Abstracts and Papers, 1807-7, 8vo. 10s. 12s. 6d.—Hansard's Debates, Vol. XVI. roy. 8vo. 12s. 11s. 6d. 12s. 11s. 6d.—The Griffin; a Burlesque Poem, 25 coloured plates, roy. 8vo. 12s. 11s. 6d.—Tales of the Munster Festivals, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12s. 11s. 6d.—Tales.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Marshall is informed, that the want of certainty as to what will be the ultimate shape of various improvements in the metropolis has prevented us from going farther into these matters. All the plans undergo so many alterations in their progress, that we never bring them forward till we are sure of the termination. He may, therefore, safely bind his Gazette for 1808 and 7.

Mr. Winstanley, of Liverpool's, letter is too long for insertion; but in justice to him we give its substance. He informs us that he did not purchase his Shakespeare portrait from a Mr. Benton; but gave a considerable price for it to a Mr. Spackman. He denies that his being a fabrication has been satisfactorily proven to him; but having heard that it was altered by Zincke, he has never since asserted its originality.

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. CXXXII. for November 1837.
Contents: I. A Preface to a Review of the Chronicles of the Canongate.—II. Chronicles of the Canongate.—III. Home Italian.—No. 5, Richard.—By Ugo Foscolo.—IV. Women on the Field of Battle, by F. H. V.—V. To the Memory of Lord Charles Murray, by F. H. V.—VI. A Modest Commemoration of Cock Fighting.—VII. The Monopoly of the London Mail.—VIII. The Jew.—VIII. Old Usages.—IX. Cuninghame's New South Wales.—X. Sabbath, in Six Sonnets, by Delta.—XI. The Opposition.—XII. Heber's Hymns.—XIII. To a Scene in Cuthbert.—XIV. The Voice of Nature, by Delta.—XV. Velliti to the Haram: Visit Sixth.
Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for November 1, contains among other original Articles—Sketches of the Irish Harp, No. 10; Lord Norbury—Letter to the Students of Glasgow, of the Glasgow of Literature, by T. Campbell, Esq.—Why the Heroes of Romances are unkind—Drafts on La Fite, No. 5—Walks in Home and its Environs, No. 10—London Lyrics; an Unsolvable Riddle—Letter from the Levant, No. 5; Landscapes—Curiosity—The Vatican—Travelling Sketches in Russia, No. 6—The Robber Spalino—Vicissitudes in the Life of an Actor, No. 5, &c.—London Exhibitions, and the usual Varieties in Art, Science, General Criticism, Biography, the Drama, &c. &c.
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